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FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Schubert at Eighteen.

THE CENTENARY BIOGRAPHY

FRANZ SCHUBERT

MAN AND COMPOSER

(FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT
Born January 31, 1797, Died November 19, 1828)

— the story of a man who never wasted time —

BY

C. Cecil WHITAKER-WILSON

PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY
RUBY MARGARET WHITTEMORE

Schubert — The most poetical musician that ever was . . . *Liszt*
Schubert — The man with the Divine Spark . . . *Beethoven*
Schubert — The man who could set a hand-bill to music . . . *Schumann*

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DEDICATION.

To them that never tire of song and symphony, whose lives without music are as a desert where hot winds blow on a scorchèd surface of silted sand, and to the imperishable and everlasting memory of FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT who passed from sight a hundred years agone, but whose sweet strains will never cease to hold the hearts of the nations so long as mankind preserves the power of utterance— this small work is dedicated.

132893

SCHUBERT.

Schubert is my name—Schubert;
None else I claim to be:
What the best have given
I can feel, I can love;
It needs no praise from me.
Praise ye me? I rejoice to hear it;
If ye blame me, I must bear it.
Schubert is my name, just Schubert;
I refuse you not, lure you not:
Should my way chance to please you,
That is pleasant—come with me!

From the German of the poet Grillparzer (1790-1872).

SUNG AT HIS GRAVESIDE, NOVEMBER 21, 1828.

Peace with thee, thou pure angelic soul!
In the bloom of youth and strength
Death's dread dart hath torn thee away
That it might wed thee to that heavenly light—
The light by which inspir'd, while still below,
Thy soul did sing its songs in glorious notes;
The spirit that inspired thee,
The light that comes from God alone.

From the German of Franz von Schober.

FOREWORD.

ON November 19, 1928, it will be exactly one hundred years since the passing of the world's greatest song-writer; or, should you chance to read these words later, it *was* one hundred years since he passed out of sight on that date: it does not greatly signify which way you regard it.

There it is: one hundred years have come and gone, and yet it is only recently that Schubert has been recognised at his true worth.

My first thought, when I began to plan out the form this work should take, was that of a "Centenary Biography": I wanted to offer my tribute to the memory of a great genius—after one hundred years.

When I came to take a closer view of the work I had thus undertaken it was to find that as Schubert's life was one continuous record of works and friendships—one as numerous as the other—it was of little avail to attempt to separate him either from the piles of manuscripts which ever lay around him or from his friends who seem to have bound up their lives with his.

The more I studied his characteristics (and certainly the more I studied the conditions under which he worked) the

more I became convinced that it would be useless to adopt the conventional method of writing a biography.

So I have let the story tell itself. I could have doubled the number of its pages with technical discussions upon his works: but of what avail?

One hundred years have seen the best of them honoured all over the world; the rest do not signify in the world's repertory.

Thus I have been content to draw a vivid picture of Schubert as he was; I have definitely attempted to place him in his right position in the world of music; and, lastly, I have (in Chapter XV) tried to prove that it is possible to sing him in English.

My arrangement of the A flat pianoforte Impromptu as a song I like to regard as my own personal contribution towards the Centenary Celebrations of 1928 (see page 208).

Should the book run to further editions I intend to keep those chapters which refer to the Centenary itself as much up-to-date as circumstances permit.

For the rest, I offer it as a story with a driving force behind it—*the story of the Man who never wasted Time.*

C. WHITAKER-WILSON.

CHORLEYWOOD, *August*, 1928.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THE Author has to acknowledge, with gratitude, permission to reproduce, for purposes of illustration, photographs of the original manuscripts of Schubert's "Die Forelle" and "Hark! Hark! the Lark," which he obtained from Herr Otto Erich Deutsch, editor of a Viennese fortnightly publication called "Moderne Welt." He understands from Herr Deutsch that the original MS. of the former is lost, but that the original of the Shakespearean song is still preserved at the Schubert Museum in Vienna. The other illustrations are reproduced from original pen and ink drawings by Ruby Margaret Whittemore, to whom the Author's thanks are due for the careful manner in which she has carried out his ideas.

C. WHITAKER-WILSON.

CHORLEYWOOD. *August*, 1928.

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I. EARLY DAYS

(1797-1808).

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

King Edward in "Henry VI."

I. EARLY DAYS.

1797—1808.

In the "Blue Bird" there is a scene which the actors call the "Blue Scene." Maeterlinck named it "The Kingdom of the Future" and in it portrayed the world's children-to-be awaiting the hour of their birth, most of them appearing to have been well-informed beforehand as to their subsequent activities, even to the place of their arrival.

But the dramatist chances not to have shown a "Blue Child" (on the point of leaving for earth) who was destined to be a nineteenth-century composer: had he done so, one imagines that he would have depicted him as going straight to Vienna. For, of all the world's great cities, none has known more fame by reason of its associations with the Masters in Music.

Not that many of them have actually been born within its confines: it is distinctly otherwise. But most of them seem to have gone there, sooner or later. Haydn began his musical career in Vienna at the age of eight and remained closely associated with it until his death at that of seventy-seven; Beethoven spent the last thirty-five years of his life

in it; Brahms his last twenty-five; Gluck and Mozart their last ten. Liszt received his first lessons in piano-playing from Carl Czerny (who, incidentally, was both born and buried in Vienna); Chopin admitted that he owed the whole atmosphere of his incomparable *Valses* to his visits to the City of Dances; Schumann would certainly never have written the " Carnival Jest " unless he, too, had spent a few weeks amongst the gaieties and pleasures of the place.

So that when fate decreed that Franz Peter Schubert should be born on Viennese soil the last day of January in the year of grace 1797, she at least intended him to begin in suitable surroundings. That she was hard upon him—right to the bitter end—is a matter to which this biography is entirely devoted; for his life is a simple story of a selfless devotion to art in circumstances which might well wring sympathy from the callous.

It is without the slightest intention of being snobbish that we suggest that his origin was scarcely of the kind calculated to befit him for such refinement as one generally expects in a creator of song and symphony: Schubert needed to go back only so far as his grandfather to find himself of the humblest stock. His father (also Franz Schubert) was born in the tiny cottage of a Moravian peasant. Fortunately, the grandfather was one of those excellent beings whom we meet more often in novels than in real life: he realised his position in the scale-of-things and saw to it that his sons had something in the way of education, an advantage which he himself had been more or less denied.

It was a case of scraping together what must have been literally farthings—but the sons repaid him: both became schoolmasters. Schubert's father, the younger of the two, acted as assistant to his brother for a time, but eventually succeeded in obtaining the post of Master to the Parish School of the Necessity Helpers in the suburb of Lichtenthal. Moreover, the school flourished: of that there is ample evidence. Had the post carried with it a capitation-fee, Schubert's father might have been comfortably off: as it was, the stipend was none too generous.

We are left wondering how he managed to rear his family upon it. His Silesian wife (*née* Elizabeth Fitz, or Vitz) was an estimable creature who had been in service as a cook to an aristocratic Viennese family. Even that was not without precedent: Beethoven's mother had been a cook; Haydn's also.

The size of the Schubert family almost takes our breath away in these strenuous and expensive post-war days: there were fourteen children by this marriage and five more by a subsequent one. So that little Franz was one of nineteen, the thirteenth child, and the fourth survivor; nine had died in infancy.

This, however, does not constitute a record so far as musical families are concerned: Bach was twice married and was the father of twenty jolly children, most of whom eventually turned out to be musicians. There is not the slightest reason, despite the numbers, to suppose that the Schuberts were any less happy than the Bachs had been: indeed, it is not inconceivable that the sorrow of losing their

little ones had brought the parents closer together. Poor they certainly were—desperately so; but a more respected family might not have been found in all Vienna. An humble dwelling, theirs—but with a sweet name: No. 72, Heaven's Gate (Himmelpfortgrund). It still stands, known as No. 54, Nussdorferstrasse: there is a marble tablet upon its walls which informs visitors that Schubert was born there. It is now the Schubert-museum and contains his piano, easy chair, some stringed instruments, and other effects—even to his spoon and spectacles.

As has been said, Franz was the lucky thirteenth. Two of his elder brothers, Ignaz and Ferdinand, were decidedly musical: but then, so was the father. As a matter of fact, they were the sort of skilled amateur musicians whom it was possible frequently to encounter in Vienna during the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries.

With Franz himself, it was rather different. He began early. He sang his baby tunes before he could either speak or crawl. He was but a babe when his father suggested to Ignaz that it might be a good thing to teach him the elements of music as funds would not even begin to admit of a recognised teacher being called in for the purpose. Nothing was done for a time; but when at last the suggestion was carried out little Franz proved to be at once an apt and docile pupil. If Ignaz had had Beethoven for a brother in similar circumstances the task might not have been quite so plain-sailing: that young gentleman started off in life by taking nothing for

granted, and continued to take nothing for granted—neither his deafness nor even his final illness. But little Schubert took it all for granted, and somewhat astonished the family circle by his infantile performances.

One wonders whether Schubert senior had ever had visions of a second Mozart in the family. The world's greatest genius and prodigy had come and gone by now; but not without having amazed the whole population of Vienna. It is, of course, possible to become accustomed to anything in time—even to being amazed; but the Viennese still talked of Mozart. Most of them, by this time, had left off saying what a scandal it was that a man of Mozart's powers should have been buried in a pauper's grave instead of with full public honours: he had gone, and all that there was to be done was to look for another like him.

On the other hand, of course, Schubert's father may have known something of what Beethoven as a child had had to endure from his father, a violent tempered inebriate who compelled the little fellow to practise long hours with a view to amassing sufficient technique upon the piano to constitute him a prodigious executant. In any event, it was perfectly clear that Schubert senior meant to feed *his* son's genius and not to force it. All the same, the thought of a musical prodigy must have crossed his mind more than once.

By the time Franz was six the beginnings of a voice had already appeared. A comparatively rare occurrence: it is not often that children develop voices until after the period of cutting the molar teeth is over.

It was greatly to the delight of our hero and his little cousin that they were allowed to practise upon the various instruments in a pianoforte-warehouse in the near neighbourhood. The two youngsters apparently amused themselves for hours in this manner. They would learn the same pieces and proceed to perform them as duets for two pianos, rushing from one instrument to another in childish pleasure.

The next move was to send Franz to the Lichtenthal school; but the matter of his musical education was still something of a problem. The fact was that he had become so advanced in violin-playing under his father's tuition, and so advanced in piano-playing under that of Ignaz, that something had to be done for him forthwith.

Ignaz, now a strapping youth of about nineteen, doubtless imagined he was well able to teach Franz anything he needed to know. He rather resented any suggestion that he should be deprived of the privileges of being his brother's musical keeper. The lad was perfectly sincere about it, even if a trifle *blasé*. But Franz knew when he was being taught and when he was not being taught—and said as much.

All the same, it was a thousand pities that Michael Holzer, the choirmaster at the parish church, was all that could be afforded at the moment. He was the most well-meaning individual in Vienna—but as stodgy as they made them. He was supposed to teach Franz singing, piano-playing and harmony. As a matter of fact, he did very little else than gape in astonishment at his young pupil's per-

Where Schubert was Chorister: Lichtenthal Parish Church.

formances. He was quite candid about it. "I haven't taught him anything," he admitted. "If I ever tried to teach him anything I found that he already knew it." He confessed with all the candour imaginable that the lessons had been a source of entertainment to him.

But it was a serious matter because, in those days, a composer stood precious little chance of success unless he could perform as a *virtuoso*. Mozart and Beethoven had spoilt the market, so to speak, for the mere theorist. As a composer, Beethoven was scarcely understood in Vienna as yet; but the Viennese knew an *improvisateur* when they heard one. Both Mozart and Beethoven had exhibited such powers of improvisation that the public of Vienna had come to flatter itself upon its style as a *connoisseur* in these matters. It is perfectly certain that no one who was below standard stood the slightest chance of recognition.

Looking back after a hundred years at the situation as it was then, comparing it with what it is to-day (when almost anyone who has sufficient financial backing can command at least a certain amount of recognition), it seems nothing less than a miracle that Schubert ever had any in Vienna; for to be entirely without influence of any sort or kind has served no man at any time or in any age.

We have just been viewing Schubert as an abnormal executant at the age of seven. So he was: but the opinion (which some biographers have expressed) that his early tuition was of such an elementary and amateurish standard

as to be directly responsible for his never having become a performer of note is—with all due respect to them—scarcely convincing.

Schubert, as will be shewn, was a genius of the highest type: had he been born to play an instrument nothing would have prevented his so doing. The fact is that he was not built for a pianist at all; that much was evident, even at this stage, for those who had eyes enough to see it. His short, stumpy fingers were never designed for delicate tone-production—whether upon a piano or a violin. He might possibly have managed the organ, where touch does not signify in the dynamic sense; but there is no record of him ever having taken much interest in that instrument.

It is true that he played both the piano and the violin exceedingly well for a child; it is true that his performances on either instrument showed that he was more than ordinarily talented; but his technique, remarkable though it undoubtedly was, could not for a moment have been compared to or contrasted with the technique of Mozart and Beethoven at the same age. Mozart, by the time he was ten, had made a triumphant tour of the chief cities of Europe; Beethoven, at a similar period in his career, had possessed many times Schubert's knowledge.

Schubert came on earth to do a special work. It was not, however, that of a performer but that of a composer, pure and simple. As has already been pointed out, his peasant origin told heavily against him; his very movements were tinged with a coarseness which is, and always has been

foreign to the refined *virtuoso*. It is no discredit to him that we permit ourselves to think upon the great executants of his day: Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn—to name but three of them—were all nurtured in the most refined surroundings, and consequently attained that grace of movement which has always distinguished (and which is ever indispensable to) the public performer in music.

Schubert was beautiful in mind though scarcely so in visage. To describe him at this age is to describe him at any age, so long as due allowance be made for the fact that his face underwent a development in its expression in his last years. Many a featurally ugly man has "grown a face"; we see them around us everywhere. Schubert's sweet nature was discernible in every muscle of his countenance, but so was his Moravian descent. He was short—stumpy would more accurately describe him—with fat, puffy cheeks and thick lips that protruded below an ill-shaped nose. His forehead was rather low—little evidence of his intellectuality showed itself there, at least until the end—and his hair was jet-black and frizzy. And yet there was something unmistakable in the whole—something which bespoke a beautiful nature: *Schubert was beautifully ugly.*

Few men—perhaps not women so much—could spend any length of time with him without feeling strangely fascinated. They forgot his oddities, his rough manners and appalling mode of dress; they overlooked his atrocious Viennese accent, and saw only the true soul which an

unpleasing exterior so thinly veiled. Small wonder that his life is one record of friendships made—but never lost.

But was it remarkable that this odd-looking little creature (whose peculiar countenance was scarcely improved by the presence of a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles which persisted in sitting awry upon his nose) created something of a sensation in the waiting-room of the Chapel Royal when he attended a voice-trial for a vacancy in the ranks of the choristers? He had already served for some time as a choir-boy at the parish church in Lichtenthal; there, of course, they were used to him and his somewhat grotesque appearance.

But it so chanced that, as this was a special occasion, he had been fitted—perhaps mis-fitted would be nearer the actual truth—with a brand-new suit, light grey in colour, with a pattern upon it which might have better become a bathroom wallpaper.

When Franz arrived at the Chapel vestry he found that several other boys had already assembled. The little fellow was desperately nervous in any case, but when he found himself the object of some amount of boyish ridicule his confusion was about complete. What little beasts boys can be! In this instance, we regret to record, the boys were not alone to blame: the masters—Salieri amongst them—could hardly repress their smiles.

But they all looked very different after Franz had sung his solo test-piece. With that superb power of concentration for which he was noted all his life he simply forgot

where he was; forgot his fears; forgot, even, that they had laughed at him—and sang from his brave little soul. His voice rang round the chapel. The masters stood motionless; even the boys looked on in wonderment. Choir-boys may be a *genus* apart from the rest of mankind (as undoubtedly are telegraph-boys, who never seem to fit their bicycles), but there are few more honest judges of character and ability. And these boys knew that they had been beaten in a perfectly fair contest. If they were somewhat shy and sheepish in their felicitations after the trial was over and Franz had triumphed, it was all the more to their credit that they offered them.

The appointment meant leaving home: the parents were glad for his sake; and not a little relieved in that it also meant one less to feed and to clothe. In regard to the latter, in view of what has already been said, perhaps it was as well; and, moreover, Franz would be permitted to wear the much-coveted gold-bordered uniform of the Chapel Royal of Vienna.

And so we find our young man accepting his first professional appointment. In return for his services as chorister he was to receive a free education in the "Convict" school which was attached to the foundation.

II. THE GENIUS OF THE "CONVICT."

(1808-1813).

Genius is that spark of divinity in man which God bestows at rare intervals. He to whom it is given knows not rest nor night nor day. The spark becomes a glow, the glow a flame, the flame a roaring furnace: such is it in Life. And in the change called Death, though the ashes left behind be cold and grey, the spark escapes to smoulder somewhere else: for Genius is eternal.

II. THE GENIUS OF THE "CONVICT."

(1808-1813.)

THE "Convict," or Foundation School, in those days was not unlike one of our Bluecoat Schools in some respects; in others it more closely resembled the usual type of cathedral choir-school where, in return for their services as choristers, boys are educated free of all cost to their parents. The education may have been free, but there is no doubt that the boys suffered considerably from the eternal struggle between the staff of the musical and that of the purely scholastic side of the establishment. In those kind of schools it is nearly always the same; a lesson is missed here, and a preparation there, in order that the boy may be "rehearsed" in some solo or quartet for rendition the following Sunday.

In the average school of this type it is little less than a misfortune for a boy to possess anything outstanding in the way of a voice; no sooner is he settled at his Latin or his mathematics than he is requisitioned for an *ensemble*-class or some solo-singing. If, as in this particular instance, the school has been established initially for the education

of boys with exceptional voices, then woe betide the youngster who can sing! He will be wanted here, there, and everywhere else at the same time; he will be "rehearsed" until he is well-nigh breathless; he will have to be excused this lesson and that lesson until there is not the remotest chance of his being placed in his school-classes anywhere else than at the foot.

It so happened that Franz was more than usually quick and alert, but it would have been all the same had he been otherwise. What he lost here he managed to make up there: it was often a case of swings and roundabouts.

The musical education itself was really quite unsuitable for anyone who intended to give up his life to the work of a composer. It was not necessarily inferior—indeed in many ways it was not so—but it was merely the education of a singing-boy. One supposes that it was more or less natural and that nothing more was to be expected. The Chapel Choir had to be kept up to standard at all costs; consequently the music-masters devoted the major part of their time and energies to that end. And with good reason. They soon heard about it from the Emperor or some member of his staff if there were any shortcomings.

But it is perfectly amazing that a man like Salieri—who was supposed to be one of the best teachers in Vienna—did not do more for Schubert in the sheerly technical sense, especially as he had every opportunity of examining his first efforts at composition. After all, it was not every scholar in the Convict who completed his second term by delivering

himself of a pianoforte *fantasia*, or who ended up his career there by the production of a full-blown symphony.

Salieri encouraged Schubert to write—not that Franz needed much encouragement—and he made valuable suggestions regarding the works as soon as they were written out; but, instead of giving instruction in the strictest type of counterpoint before leaving him to write as his genius dictated, he merely kept up a kind of running commentary upon whatever Franz chose to show him.

It is useless to argue that Schubert was perfection in his own peculiar idiom and that the loss of pure technique in early days did not signify; that view has been taken by far too many of his biographers. Schubert sorely needed a contrapuntal training. The fact lies proven: at the very end of his life—almost within the last week of it—he was seriously contemplating making definite arrangements to study counterpoint and was wondering to whom he had better go for instruction in this all-important branch of a composer's art. And that after having written over seven hundred works! So that, from the point of view of a composer, at all events, Salieri's tuition was scarcely all that could have been desired.

It must not be supposed that he can be defended upon the grounds that he may not have recognised a genius when he saw one. If any teacher had the chance of recognising genius it was Antonio Salieri. It is not without significance that he taught Beethoven sonata-form and that Beethoven most cordially dedicated his first three sonatas for violin

and piano to him. Liszt's knowledge of orchestration has never been disputed—even though his position as an actual composer may have been open to question; it was from Salieri that he received his first lessons in orchestral scoring. We do not wax enthusiastic over Cherubini in these days; but we know him to have been a contrapuntist of considerable note in his own day: Salieri was responsible for his early education.

But apart from all this, Salieri was a composer himself: one of his operas had exceeded Mozart's "Don Giovanni" in the matter of popularity for the whole of a season. Haydn recognised Salieri as a composer and lived on the most cordial terms with him. So that if we feel somewhat bitter about his slackness where Schubert was concerned it is largely upon account of the fact that he had the power to do something for him which probably no one else could have done—and yet never did it.

It was certainly not because he was not fond of Schubert, for he adored him. Of Beethoven he was never quite so sure, but the regard was mutual and quite sincere. With Mozart it was quite different. Salieri knew him also, but cordially detested him. The fact that Mozart had to put up with much opposition in Vienna was always laid at Salieri's door, and when Mozart died of a kind of malignant fever—typhus, probably—that, also, was laid at his door. Mozart swore that he had been poisoned, and as he had a host of admirers (who naturally loathed the sight of Salieri) quite an appreciable amount of suspicion fell upon

him. It went so far as to be distinctly rumoured that Salieri had poisoned Mozart. His name was eventually cleared of all suspicion, but from that time onwards it was difficult for Salieri to remain in a room where a work of Mozart was being performed. All the same, Schubert contrived to study some of Mozart's symphonies during his stay at the Convict: he had been left a good deal to his own devices during the first two terms and had found convenient opportunity for such occupation.

It must have been about two months after he first entered the school that one of the elder choristers, named Joseph Spaun—a lad who had served the Chapel well enough in his day, but whose voice had broken long since—chanced to be conducting the school orchestra. Some extraordinarily round tone seemed to be coming from one of the fiddles and Spaun looked round him to discover whence it emanated. He stared in some surprise at the small boy in spectacles. "Who is he?" he asked Salieri after the rehearsal had finished. Salieri told him. Spaun went up to Schubert and proceeded to make himself exceedingly pleasant. Franz responded gratefully; he was glad of a new friend. A friendship it certainly proved to be; Spaun was devoted to Schubert all his life.

There is something exceptionally touching about Spaun's utter adoration for Schubert. At the moment which we have just described, his own powers must have been far in advance of those of the young violinist. Yet he watched Schubert's growing intellect without a trace of jealousy or, indeed,

of anything but the most cordial feelings. For one thing, he admired his playing—more perhaps from the point of view of interpretation than of mere technique; but he was honestly thrilled when Franz showed him his first attempts at composition. His friendship took a very practical form when Franz confided in him one day—the little fellow blushed to the roots of his hair as he did it—that he wanted to compose "so badly," but that he had no music-paper. "They are too poor at home to send me money for such things," he admitted. "Never mind," said Spaun, cheerfully. "I have plenty of money." This was scarcely true, but he managed to afford enough out of his slender pocket-money to keep his young friend supplied with paper upon which to write his first real work; and, later, when he found it difficult to continue to give such practical expression to his generous impulses he consulted two other boys —Stadler and Holzapfel—who willingly came to the rescue.

Thus it was possible for Franz to write down his piano *fantasia*. The paper was precious and he wrote in small notation; even so, the manuscript numbered thirty-two pages. Spaun knew every note of it; for that matter he knew every note of everything Schubert wrote to the last day of his life. Had it not been so, the original biographers of Schubert would have found their task more difficult, for Spaun supplied them with much valuable information.

Franz was by no means unhappy at this period. Such a statement would seem to foreshadow unhappiness to come; but we have already hinted that his life was no bed of roses.

At the moment, though, conditions—so far as his *confrères* were concerned—were not unpleasant. He was immensely popular, not alone with the boys, but with the staff also. Then there was the school orchestra—ever a source of delight; for they played Haydn and Mozart—the latter, presumably, when Salieri was not there—almost every time they met together. Beethoven also occasionally figured in their programmes—Beethoven the mysterious, the ultra-modernist; for such he was in Vienna in those days. To the Viennese, reared upon Haydn and Mozart—and even upon Salieri himself to some extent, for he was quite popular—Beethoven was something of a revolutionary; it was not everyone who could boast that he both liked and understood his music. In the Master's latter years, of course, it was very different, as will be shown; but at this stage your most *blasé* amateur looked askance at his creations.

Rather a disturbing element at this time was the presence in Vienna of Napoleon and his victorious armies. It was still two years to Waterloo, and it is to be feared that the thoughts of the Viennese had dwelt less upon Art of late than the traditions of the place prove them to have done in the past. The whole district was seething with excitement. So that, apart from the more intimate conditions of the school, Franz found that it is a truism that a military atmosphere is rarely an artistic one.

Indeed, his chief pleasures were derived from his associations with the boys; the actual conditions of life in the school itself were a disgrace to the Court. The school-

rooms were anything but comfortable; they were ill-lighted and imperfectly warmed in the cold weather. Also the *ménu* seems to have suffered from want of revision. One is forcibly reminded of Oliver Twist when one comes to examine Schubert's correspondence at this period. It is generally fairly simple to get down to facts in a matter of this description, especially where boys are concerned; they rarely complain unless there is a reason for so doing.

We are left to wonder what were the feelings of Ferdinand Schubert upon the receipt of a pathetic note from his young brother written in the winter of 1812. Franz had evidently written out of sheer necessity. "You know" (he began) "that one can enjoy eating a roll or an apple or two, the more so after eight-and-a-half hours' fast with only a meagre supper to look forward to." He signs "your poverty-stricken brother." The fact that Ferdinand sent him such help as he was able suggests that his feelings were those of sympathy and indignation.

The death of Frau Schubert (which took place about this time) seems to have been an event which caused her young son very little real sorrow. Franz was devoted to his father, but his mother seems never quite to have gained the affection of her children. At all events, Schubert senior married again very shortly—fortunately so, from all accounts. It is definitely stated that the new mother treated her many step-children with the greatest consideration and thoughtfulness, a fact which may have rendered

"Ungeduld" (Impatience) (From the "Fair Maid of the Mill.")
"Thine is my Heart,"

the advent of her own five (who made their appearance in somewhat rapid succession) the more welcome.

At this juncture Salieri seems suddenly to have awakened to the fact that Franz was an exceptional young person. At any rate, he appears to have asked to see everything Schubert wrote as soon as it was completed. He would have done better, in our estimation, to have examined his pupil's technique. Granted that genius is an abnormality of intellect likely to show itself any time after a child has turned four years of age, history has proved again and again that genius has always needed powerful guidance at the beginning.

Genius is a very fresh horse to drive. Talent can be led with a slack bearing-rein; genius may take the bit between its teeth at any moment. No one more than Franz Schubert needed guidance in his early days. For Salieri to wax enthusiastic and exclaim "See, he is a genius," was all very well, but he would have served our young man better had he offered him fewer *bravos* and more *canti fermi.*

Franz was simply rushing down melody after melody as fast as his inexperienced hand could record them upon the manuscript paper his schoolfellows bought for him; but an examination of "Hagar's Lament" (dated March 30th, 1811) reveals at once his unquestionable genius. All the same, had Salieri done his duty he would have told Franz plainly that there were to be no more "Laments" for him until his mastery of counterpoint was complete. Normally it takes the average person from three to four years to

absorb the principles of the art—it would have taken Franz six months at the most. The fact (to which we have already alluded) that he was arranging for lessons at the time of his death is about the most complete testimony to the permanent value of counterpoint ever placed upon record.

One feels all the more irritated with Salieri in the matter because he did so much for Beethoven. One can only suppose that it was because the latter was such a firebrand, and so capable of speaking just what was in his mind, that there was no possible chance of his accepting anything in a calm manner. Franz sat dutifully by Salieri's side and listened to his remarks upon his work: he said "yes" when he understood and kept silence when he did not. Beethoven crouched like a jaguar ready to pounce on its prey. One word of anything he did not understand was enough; he swooped down upon it in a second. And should a correction be made in an exercise of a fault which he considered had been committed by reason of the lack of some previous explanation upon the part of his master, he would turn upon him in a flash with "Why the devil didn't you tell me this before?"

It had been much the same thing with Haydn at S. Stephen's, Vienna. The education there was for a chorister and only for a chorister. Haydn righted himself contrapuntally later; Schubert never did. He certainly made up for it in a thousand other ways, but one's heart goes out to him, all the same. At the last—when the great C major symphony was complete—Schubert sighed for other

worlds to conquer; he longed for the power to express something which persisted in welling up within him, but which needed more resources for its expression than he had the power to supply. There was no earthly reason (that we can see) why he should have been inferior either to Mozart or Beethoven in constructive ability; genius is genius after all, and—heaven knows—he had plenty of it.

It may not have shown itself in quite so marked a degree as in the case of the baby Mozart, but it was there notwithstanding. It is simply that both Mozart and Beethoven had better chances. This is not to suggest for a moment that either one or the other received an education approaching in excellence that given to, for instance, Mendelssohn. But the Mendelssohns were rich and, as a child, Felix had everything that money could buy for him.

Nothing, of course, ever checks genius; it is like fire—it burns its way through everything within its reach. It is like water—it always finds its own level.

Franz found his level very quickly. He had to be content to do without anything which could not be given him; he therefore began by taking the line of least resistance simply in order that he might give expression to the genius that was taking his whole nature by storm. It might be loosely described as being a case of "compose or decompose" with him; for nothing but the actual writing-down of the melodies and harmonies would satisfy his mental needs.

That is always the way with genius; it is for ever a

strain upon the mental and physical resources to the limits of endurance. Schubert literally suffered, mentally and physically, until he had written down what his nature demanded should be put forth. To have a hearty meal—unfortunately in his case such an event nearly always had to be at a friend's expense—simply set up the desire to write again much in the same way as it does with some to smoke a cigarette. At the end of a meal he felt more like sketching out a theme on the back of a *menu*-card or beginning to score upon the table-cloth than resting for a period. Nothing but actual indisposition ever freed him from this violent desire for expression.

It was the effect of this impulse which became the cause of his thoughts of taking counterpoint lessons so late in his career. (The term "late" is here used very relatively; Schubert only lived to be 31.) Nothing he could write—even the C major symphony—was big enough. It left him less exhausted by the arduous work and strain upon the imagination than consumed by an unspeakable desire to surpass it. Many men would have been content—for a period, at least—to rest after such an expression of their deepest thoughts. Schubert merely reached down more manuscript paper and commenced to think out something else.

We have digressed thus far from our sketch of him at the Convict merely in order to make clear the effects these causes had. His ability to write so fluently, the power of the mental ear (which hears inwardly what most people have

to hear outwardly in order to appreciate at all), the decisions which brought forth the right chord here and the judicious modulation there, developed simply by the instinct of genius. If he ran before he could safely walk—that was Salieri's fault and not his own; if he always ran at top speed all his life it was because he had no time to do anything else.

And so we find him utterly devoted to every musical movement in the school. On occasional Sunday afternoons, or upon such holidays as left him free to do as he pleased, there were the "try-out" rehearsals at home. There it was possible to produce a string quartet without any difficulty. Schubert senior was a 'cellist; both Ignaz and Ferdinand were able to play the violin quite well; Franz himself played the viola. And every time they met together there was always something new for them to rehearse.

During the actual school-week Franz led the orchestra; occasionally he was allowed to conduct it. Fortunate it was that he was able to do so at such an impressionable age. To him, as to any like him, each instrument in the orchestra had its own atmosphere. He learnt his orchestration (which was always good though perhaps never quite unimpeachable) by dint of sheer experience. Orchestration is one of the branches of the theoretical side of music which seems to have little real theory about it. If Franz learnt that things are not always what they seem when scoring for a band he learnt what most other men have learnt, both before and since. How true that is! Mendelssohn possessed a knowledge of orchestration second to none (unless, perchance, to

that of Berlioz); even he frequently re-scored whole passages in his works after having heard their effect at a rehearsal. The only difference between Mendelssohn and Schubert in this respect was that the former always revised his work, the latter very rarely. What he had written he had written in most cases.

There is actually an instance on record of Schubert having written a song which proved to be too high in the matter of its key for J. M. Vogl who was to render it. A fortnight later it was placed before him transposed down a minor third. Schubert played the song through. "I have heard worse," said he. "*Who wrote it?*" One supposes that, considering he wrote over six hundred of them, to forget one song did not greatly signify; but the incident gives some amount of insight into his nature and methods of going to work. Vogl tells this story.

If he rarely revised it was because he thought so rapidly and so accurately that revision to him was needless. Many of his adherents have gone to some length in order to prove that his work was of a very careful order and that he took infinite pains over it. He took pains over nothing; it was never necessary.

It was no more difficult for him to commit his thoughts to music-paper than to note-paper. In 1813 he wrote a "name-day cantata" in honour of his father's birthday —and wrote it from beginning to end without reference to an instrument.

He was by now turned sixteen, and his days were numbered at the Convict: the reason for one's existence was open to question at the Emperor's Chapel when one's voice had broken. Even though Franz was an exception in that he could have remained (had he chosen) for another year or so, he decided to join his father at the school in Lichtenthal.

Not that the idea of being an assistant teacher appealed to him in the very least. Indeed he always—all his life—hesitated to accept any appointment which meant being at a certain place at an agreed hour. But as this particular post only meant his getting breakfast over in time to take his first class, he chose it in preference to looking out for something else further afield.

There was a good reason; conscription faced him. And that might mean being anywhere at any time. Austria as a whole detested conscription; many a young man had sought what we came to know (in the Great War) as an "exempted occupation." Franz had no leanings towards the life of a soldier—conscript or otherwise—and thus he made the best of what (to him) was a very bad choice. The College of S. Anna was supposed to be the best training-school in Vienna for young teachers. Thither he went, but there does not seem to be much account of his doings.

His total output of composition while at the Convict is truly remarkable. He began, as we have seen, with the *fantasia* for piano; he continued with songs and much chamber-music; he ended with the completion of his first

symphony. The latter, of course, is quite forgotten now; and perhaps it is not reasonable to suggest its revival, even for the centenary celebrations of 1928. It is for orchestra without trombones, and in D major. As usual with him at this period, it begins with an *Adagio* leading into an *Allegro*. The whole work shows the influence which Mozart had had upon his thoughts, though there are traces of his having studied Beethoven. The *Andante*—a pleasant and graceful movement in G—is followed by the customary *Scherzo* and *Trio*. The last movement (which is a little reminiscent of Haydn) was finished on October 28th, 1813.

It had been a brilliant career all through: his ability to make friends was exceptional, even for one so talented. They had called him "the Miller"—that was because of the awful grey suit; but when they teased him they did so in the best of good humour, for the Genius of the Convict was loved for his sweet, simple nature.

Ugly he may have been—but a beautiful ugliness; and a truer and more honest heart never beat in the breast of a chorister of the Chapel Royal. Thus we can follow him through the next scenes of his career in the pleasant knowledge that, whatever his faults may have been, he began by unconsciously attracting all who came into contact with him in such a way that, even if his public was a small one in comparison with that of Mozart or Beethoven, it was at least an intimate one. And intimacy counts for much in Art.

III. VISIONS OF THE STAGE

(1814).

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

Jacques in "As You Like It."

III. VISIONS OF THE STAGE.

(1814.)

FRANZ took up duty in his father's school early in 1814. As we have seen, the prospect of two year's drudgery did not appeal to him, but as it was a case of Hobson's choice—the army being the unpleasant alternative—he accepted the situation with his customary equanimity.

He knew before he began that the routine would bore him to extinction; but he fought strong tendencies to unpunctuality most admirably, all things—his nature in particular—being considered.

His devotion to his father was enough; if it cost him a good deal honourably to keep his part of the bargain he cheerfully made the sacrifice on his father's account. But it was almost more than he dare do to set his class to work upon something which kept them quiet for a period; the moment he did so, out came some manuscript paper, his pen flew over sheet after sheet—and the boys simply "faded out."

If he chafed at the realisation that he was giving the best hours of his day to something which he regarded as

total waste of time he kept the matter to himself and uttered no complaint—unless to Salieri, whose house he frequently visited of an evening for his lessons. Salieri most probably offered him somewhat cold comfort by suggesting that military service would have been many shades worse.

Then he made another mistake. He suggested that Franz should write an opera—or, more accurately, he repeated a suggestion to that effect which he had made the last term at the Convict. It was a mistake in two senses. Knowing Franz as he did, he might have realised that the time for making such a proposition was certainly not the middle of the school term. Even if we regard this as mere thoughtlessness upon his part we are left to wonder why he ever made the suggestion at all. Had Salieri not been a composer himself—and an opera-composer to boot—it would have been different. We cannot but imagine that he was well able to recognise stage-sense when he saw evidences of it, but it is quite obvious that if he thought for a moment that Schubert had any natural ability—apart, that is, from his faculty for musical composition—for this kind of work, he simply misunderstood him. To mistake dramatic insight in music for ordinary stage-sense is to commit an error of judgment.

On the other hand, of course, we may be a little hard upon Salieri in this view; it is just possible that he considered Franz to be an unknown quantity in this branch of the art, and that it was a case of nothing venture, nothing win.

Upon reflection, and with the memory of assiduous study of nearly all the six hundred songs that Schubert wrote, the present writer can admit that many of them look as though they might be *converted* into operatic arias, but that not one of them, being found in a volume, would cause him to wonder from which opera it was taken. Schubert's mind was a lyrical mind—and that is a very different thing from an operatic mind. But we must credit Salieri with the best intentions, and leave it at that.

All the same, the result was unfortunate. Franz was swept off his feet by a consuming desire to write the opera; nothing would do but that he must begin straight away. So he begged off some of the less important afternoon classes; in the mornings he set the boys " something to write " (which he scarcely ever found time to correct) and simply let his whole nature be swallowed up in the new venture. Occasionally his conscience would prick him, and he would fling the score into his desk and teach hard for the best part of a day; at others he would sit and dream of Gluck's " Iphigenia in Tauris," with Michael Vogl and Anna Milder playing the leads, and long for the day when they should do likewise in a work of his own. He had visited the opera-house for two or three seasons now—once or twice at Salieri's invitation —but the visits had been strictly limited on account of the lack of funds.

The simplicity of style and the direct appeal of " Iphigenia " had fired his imagination, and he intended to imitate it in his own work. It is a wonder that Salieri

did not warn him against imitating Gluck too closely for the Viennese audience—especially as his own particular style was essentially Italian, the only style really acceptable in Vienna.

Then there was the question of the *libretto*: "The Devil's pleasure-castle" ("Des Teufels Lustschloss") was scarcely brilliant—indeed, it was as boring as it was improbable. For a trial trip it was certainly ill-chosen. The first act had been sketched out at the Convict, but abandoned for something else. Franz now lost no time in finishing the first act; by the second day of March he had written Act II; by the middle of May he had finished the whole opera.

In less than an hour from the time he had penned the last bar he was round at Salieri's house. Salieri looked it through and professed himself satisfied; but the opera was never performed for all that; it never even obtained so much as a rehearsal.

The reasons were several. As we have said, dramatic insight in music and stage-sense are not synonymous terms: Schubert had dramatic insight; Wagner had stage-sense. Schubert would catch at the slightest opportunity which a lyrical poem would afford him for the expression of some delicate and näive sentiment, and then utterly fail to plan out his effects in the accepted stage-manner.

All his life he never came across a respectable *libretto;* it is rather doubtful if he would have known a good one had he seen it.

Had we discussed him with Schumann, that charming person would have merely laughed and asked us what it mattered. "Schubert," he used to say, "could set a hand-bill to music." It seems as though there was a certain amount of truth in the statement; Franz had merely to glance at a poem for ideas to flow out like so much water. The trouble was that he did not always pause to consider whether or not the poem was worthy of the music he could provide for it. Had he lived in these days it might have been an interesting experiment to have offered him a page of "Bradshaw" or the leader of the current issue of "The Times": he would have set the one as easily as the other. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that his very best work was written to excellent poems: Goethe's "Ganymed"—to be discussed in another place—is a typical example; but it is also true that words of any quality set him going almost automatically.

Even so, it is not a matter of ease to make up for a weak *libretto*. Schubert might possibly have managed it in this case had he adhered to the purely Italian style because the flourishes and *cadenzas* (which the Viennese audiences adored) very frequently covered most of the sins of the librettists.

The present writer is rather inclined to believe that it was Salieri himself who was (at least indirectly) responsible for the attitude Schubert adopted over this, his first opera. Salieri knew what he was talking about where opera was concerned; of that there is not a shadow of doubt. And, of

course, his style was purely Italian. In fact, his operas were laid out on similar lines to those of the Mozart he so detested and whose name he was never tired of taking in vain. On the other hand, he was also never tired of grumbling at Schubert because he had allowed Mozart's way of thought to influence his quartets and symphonies, both in harmonic style and general form.

"Of course, if you will persist in imitating the immortal Mozart," he used to sneer. . . .

All this irritated Schubert: to be told that such and such a phrase had been "done to death already" was more than he could bear.

But when Salieri warned him against going too closely to Gluck's style of opera-writing, Schubert, for once in his life, became suspicious. He thought of the symphonies and quartets which had come in for so much censure. "He hates me to imitate Mozart in them," he said to himself, "and yet he does the same thing himself in his operas."

He thereupon decided to go his own way. He admired the direct appeal of "Iphigenia," and that was enough: he intended to produce another like it. "Salieri doesn't know what he wants" was his decision.

But, as a matter of fact, Salieri most decidedly did know. Our sympathy is with Schubert because it is quite evident that Salieri was going the wrong way to work with this hyper-sensitive boy; but it is useless to deny that Salieri knew what he was saying. He knew the public taste in Vienna to a nicety; he knew that anything fresh in style

The Tutor of Beethoven, Schubert and Liszt:
Anton Salieri.

would be looked at askance; he also knew that Gluck—right or wrong—had only made a nominal impression upon the Viennese, even after twenty-five years.

It is no digression upon our part if we ask the reader to review with us the story of the Gluck reforms in opera-writing; indeed, we offer little apology for so doing because the story is at once interesting and amusing. Let us, for the moment, go back as far as 1767. The scenes are laid in Vienna, so that our stage-setting is at least familiar. Without troubling the reader to go into the matter of any biography of the composer himself, we merely ask him to accept Gluck much in the same way that we have asked him to accept Schubert in this very chapter—just another caught by the glamour of the stage.

Gluck studied opera assiduously before he even began to think of writing it. He followed up the whole tradition which lay behind the Italian style of writing so popular in Vienna in his day. Then he came to the conclusion that if he was to have the remotest chance of success he must write in that style first: a reformer *must* be a success before he reforms. So he continued to see everything which was put on at the theatres in Vienna, each performance making him feel that opera was fast becoming a ridiculous spectacle. In fact, those are his very words. He hated the way in which the whole thing was controlled. He found that singers were pandering to the tastes of their wealthy patrons; consequently he was not surprised to find that the composers were

pandering to those of the singers. And, between them, opera was becoming more and more unreal.

Gluck's own private opinion was that if the true function of the stage was to present and re-present situations and character-studies in such a manner as to constitute verisimilitude, the first and foremost consideration (and it was evident from ordinary stage-plays that this *was* the idea), he could not for the life of him see why the same thing should not apply to opera. The fact that the dialogue was sung instead of spoken did not appeal to him as being any reason why everything done on the operatic stage should appear to be utterly improbable.

So that it will not be a matter of surprise to anyone that Gluck began to oppose the idea of the singer breaking off in the middle of a sentence—in the middle of a word sometimes—in order to execute a succession of runs, trills, *arpeggi* and the like, just for the sake of showing off vocal gymnastic ability. For that is what was happening in most operas. The leading soprano indulged in a series of competitions with the first flute; her feats were productive of rapturous applause from what Gluck considered to be an indiscriminating audience.

It was the same thing with the interpolated dances. Gluck considered that they "hung up" the action of the play, and that if they were to be done at all they should be done as part of the action of the play itself and not merely for their own sake. It was a sensible point of view; it is surprising that it did not have immediate effect.

Gluck was very shrewd about it all; he began by writing more or less in the Italian style, though he reduced the *cadenzas* for the singers to a minimum and was careful to arrange the dances in such a way that they were those of characters indispensable to the plot itself. "I have given less for the 'yellers' and for the 'jiggers' alike" he said to a friend who was looking over his latest score.

But Vienna was far too lackadaisical to take the matter —or him—seriously. So Gluck left Vienna in disgust and set out for Paris, where he hoped he would at least create comment. If that was all he required he must indeed have been satisfied, for never were there such scenes over a thing of this kind as there were in the French capital in the year 1774.

Gluck had managed to get some of his theories discussed in the Press as a goodly beginning; even then there was a difficulty in securing a production for any of his operas. But Marie Antoinette had been a pupil of his and was good enough to champion her former master; consequently "Iphigénie in Aulide"—to give the French form of its title—was produced.

Gluck must have been somewhat taken aback at the storm of controversy which ensued. The opera-going community divided itself sharply into two opposing parties —the Gluckists, who favoured Gluck and his style, and the Piccinists, who, having sent for Piccini to come post-haste from Italy, held him up as a rival composer. It might have been a parliamentary election. The two parties began

by hurling sarcasm at each other (cartoons and really insulting pictures could be had for the asking); they continued with light missiles—Gluck himself was struck with an egg of doubtful antiquity—and on one occasion it practically came to a free fight.

The enthusiasts apparently enjoyed it; the man-in-the-street looked on in dismay and wondered where it would all end. At length, this very opera which Schubert had come so much to admire—"Iphigenia in Tauris"—was set as a kind of test-piece. Both Gluck and Piccini produced their versions. Gluck's was acknowledged—even by Piccini himself—to be far the superior and, consequently, the Gluckists won the day.

By the time Schubert was born Gluck had been dead ten years: it was now actually a matter of twenty-seven years since he had passed from sight. The Viennese had long since come to regard "Iphigenia in Tauris" as a sort of hardy annual; it was quite "the thing" to saunter in for the second act one evening during its run, but it is doubtful if musical Vienna was prepared to welcome another on the same lines.

So that if Salieri had warned Schubert not to go too closely to it where his own work was concerned he had at least some amount of precedent behind him, and his criticism of the way in which Schubert had treated some of the words was undoubtedly reasonable. "You will frighten the managers, Franz," he said. "They will think this sort of thing extravagant and very difficult."

But he had said too much already, and Franz was decidedly averse to being told that everything he did was wrong. So he tried the managers, one after the other—and failed. He frightened every one of them in succession.

Not that his style was strictly Gluck's or even that of the Italians. He was simply himself—the best thing he could have been, of course—but he made his work very difficult to produce. At all events the managers thought so, which was the main point.

Schubert marched home in high dudgeon after the last of the interviews. He was by no means insensitive over his rebuffs; if he had more than any other composer he made fewer complaints. He merely became morose (and remained so) until some new venture took the place of the old failure. Then his sunny nature would begin to show itself again, and his only real danger was that someone would bring him a rubbishy *libretto* which he would set as fast as pen could travel over paper.

Unfortunately, it would all come to much the same thing; he simply could not shake off the lyrical style sufficiently to produce anything which would not be just as effective in a good-class concert programme as upon the stage. He never realised that the hall-mark of a true operatic aria lies in the very fact that if it be divorced from its original context it suffers immediately.

Of course, long association makes anything possible. Even so short a period as has elapsed since the writing of the Prologue to "Pagliacci" makes it possible for anyone

to sing it without damaging it even if he does not put his head through a curtain first, merely because every baritone —amateur and professional—has tried his hand at it. "Softly awakes my heart" is quite acceptable in a drawing-room or upon a wireless transmission; it does not need the costume of Delilah to make it tell its story—merely because every mezzo-soprano and contralto feels that life is not complete until she has sung it. Songs and arias get divorced in this way, but usually only after having been an outstanding success in their own surroundings; as a rule they are the better for their stage-setting.

Some of the melodies which Schubert poured out with such ease in this opera are really exquisite; yet there seems to be nothing about the whole which speaks of true cohesion. The managers pointed this out, but Schubert turned away. Not that he did so in the take-it-or-leave-it attitude so much as overcome with a kind of fright. He was so nervous and shy when called upon to discuss anything in a business-like fashion that at the slightest sign of a rebuff he was off home at once.

The whole story of his attempts at opera is pathetic in the extreme. He began at least eighteen—there may have been others of which we know nothing—and finished ten. Of these, six obtained a hearing, but not one of them a success. Even "Rosamunde" failed as an opera, though the lovely *entr'actes* and *ballet*-music were recognised at their true worth.

Had Schubert possessed a high-developed critical faculty

where operatic *libretti* were concerned he would hardly have gone to Helmine von Chezy for one. Her dramas were appallingly bad—yet she seemed to manage to create some sort of demand for them amongst the various composers she met. The success of Weber's "Euryanthe," some years later, was more by good luck than good management so far as she was concerned; it was successful at the time—fortunately so for Weber's sake—but not upon account of the quality of her share in it.

As for the failure of "Rosamunde," when it came it was a bitter disappointment to Schubert; he hardly spoke or ate for three whole days.

Enough has now been said to account for these failures, and it is much more pleasurable to find Schubert heartened considerably by the reception of his first Mass in F, which he wrote for the church at Lichtenthal in 1814. Fortunately, he had made the acquaintance of the Grob family. He liked Heinrich Grob—an excellent pianist and 'cellist, and he more than liked his sister, Theresa—a young maiden of great charm and the possessor of an excellent soprano voice.

Franz was greatly attracted to her, and there is no doubt that she inspired several of his works at this period—the F major Mass included. When it was performed at the Lichtenthal church on the Sunday after S. Theresa's Day (one wonders whether Franz had specially arranged this) she sang all the soprano solos. The Mass created a profound impression in Vienna; Salieri became quite excited about it and publicly acknowledged Franz as his pupil.

It might be convenient here to review the six Masses which Schubert wrote. Some of them are still performed in England and are much admired. If one has to train boys for the soprano parts they are not so easy of rendition as they are with female voices; Schubert rather strains the voice. It is not that there are a few, or even a good many high notes to be sung; it is that the parts themselves lie high in the key in many instances. Also the alto runs a little high in places for the average counter-tenor voice.

The solo parts are, as we might expect, far the most effective. Schubert does not always treat his chorus kindly —but that again comes of the lyrical mind. Had he known anything of John Sebastian Bach's work it is quite conceivable that he would have imitated his polyphonic style; as he—strangely enough—knew practically nothing of him or his work it is not surprising that he went upon different lines altogether.

But many of the movements of the Masses are beautifully conceived. Not that Franz himself was deeply religious. He realised the traditions of the Church, and was utterly reverent where anything sacred was concerned. He made known his desire to partake of the Blessed Sacrament upon his death-bed, but he rarely attended Mass excepting when his work took him there. His religion, or rather the expression of it, was bound up with his music; and the fact that his Masses have always appealed is undoubtedly attributable to his deep sense of reverence.

Men have rarely succeeded in writing church music unless they have possessed this sense in a marked degree. In our own country we saw it in Purcell and old Dr. John Blow—to say nothing of the more modern writers; we saw it in Bach and Handel; it was very evident in Mendelssohn. Few indeed of the great Masters have not possessed it.

Schubert may not have been ideal in his conceptions for the Church from the polyphonic point of view, but his expressions have always had the advantage of being his exact thoughts of the words he happened to be setting. Hence his success now.

Theresa Grob sang his music "perfectly," so he told Ferdinand afterwards. That, of course, moved him more deeply than anything else could have done. He always opened his soul to anyone who had the ability and would also take the trouble to sing his music thoughtfully and accurately. One performance of his own work (which really touched him) would be enough to set him going again for long enough. He felt that it was good to be alive and able to write. So that Theresa Grob did much to heal the sores of disappointment which the failure of his opera had created.

In the late autumn of 1814 Franz made another friend. This was the poet Johann Mayrhofer, then a young man of about twenty-six. He, also, was fighting the stern battle for recognition—as a tragic writer. He describes his first meeting with Schubert thus: "It was brought about by a young friend of mine giving him my poem, 'Am See,' to

set to music. He and the friend came to my room—a room which, five years later, we were destined to share together." Mayrhofer then goes on to describe the room itself. "It was in a dark and gloomy street. House and furniture were the worse for wear, the ceiling was beginning to bulge, the light was obstructed by a large building opposite. There was an old, worn-out piano, and a shabby bookstand. Such was the room; but I shall never forget it, nor the hours we spent there."

Both poet and musician were blind to such conditions when once they were at work; all they required or expected in life was to express themselves. This they did to some purpose. Altogether Schubert set forty-seven of Mayrhofer's poems. They also collaborated in opera—there were two of them—but one imagines that the only joy they experienced in the enterprise was the joy of writing.

As to the rest of the works belonging to this year, it is perhaps enough (at this stage) to mention the first movement of a symphony in B flat (the rest of it followed in 1815), three string quartets—one very attractive—seventeen songs, and a quantity of smaller instrumental pieces. It is a goodly list for a youth of seventeen, but it pales into insignificance beside that for 1815—a subject to be dealt with in a separate chapter.

IV. ANNUS MIRABILIS

(1815).

There is nothing so satisfying to an artist as to look back upon a year of work.

IV. ANNUS MIRABILIS.

(1815.)

THE wonderful year: well might it be so called. Franz was, of course, still a master in his father's school. While there is every probability that his father allowed him to have a few hours to himself in which he would, normally, have been engaged in teaching, the staff was too small for these to have been many. So that there was, obviously, not much time for him to devote to composition until after 4.30 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Added to which, in addition to the evenings which he spent with Salieri for his lessons, there were also distractions connected with the family's social life in Vienna.

We seem, therefore, to be able to account for a considerable portion of his time—at least during the term. In the holidays, naturally, he was fairly free, but they would scarcely be of the same duration as those common in our preparatory schools in these days: the modern school of that type works exactly thirty-six weeks in the year, whereas the kind of school of which Schubert's father was the Head would work something like forty or forty-one weeks out of the fifty-two.

It therefore follows that Schubert had not more than eleven weeks which he could really call his own in this year 1815. Taking these restrictions fully into account, the reader can judge for himself as to the speed at which he must have worked. Where he actually began or ended is not easy of determination because he seems frequently to have been writing several works at the same time, putting one aside in order to hurry on and complete another.

To begin with, there were two symphonies; that is to say, he finished the one in B flat (of which the first movement had already been sketched out) and wrote the whole of that in D major. We do not propose to review these symphonies at this juncture; they will be dealt with when we come to speak of the writing of the great C major and the one—called "Unfinished"—in B minor. But the fact remains—for our present purpose of cataloguing the works of this year, 1815—that there were two symphonies.

Then there were two Masses—in G and in B flat—both of which are still performed. Church music was otherwise represented by a "Dona Nobis Pacem," a "Salve Regina," and also a "Stabat Mater." These were all written for some special occasion at the church. Indeed, after the successful production of the F major Mass (already reviewed) it became the custom at Lichtenthal Church, when anything was wanted for a special purpose, to say "Ask Franz Schubert; he will write us something."

The "Stabat Mater" is rarely, if ever, performed in our English parish churches; it seems to have been forgotten

by reason of the popularity of Rossini and Dvoràk—and even (to some extent) of Palestrina.

Franz evidently still lingered after the stage; at least, it looks like it, for he managed to produce no less than five operas. He seems to have realised the hopelessness of two of the *libretti* because he abandoned them before completion; but he finished the other three. For a youth of eighteen, five operas speaks fairly well for fluency. Perhaps that was the trouble; he set five *libretti* simply because five came his way. It would seem as well that there were no more than that number. Unfortunately, he scarcely troubled to read them through properly before beginning to work. The sight of dramatic dialogue, with a few rhythmical-looking lyrics thrown in, was enough; the shelf on which the manuscript-paper lay was raided at once.

Of string quartets there were two—one a lovely work; there were four piano sonatas and a host of smaller works for the same instrument. And last, but certainly not least, there were the songs—a modest total of one hundred and forty-six of them! Some of them were short, but others, again, were of considerable length—the "Erl-King," and "Gretchen am Spinnrade" amongst them.

If prolific output is indicative of robust health Franz must have been feeling particularly fit and well during the month of October. An examination of the dates of the songs of this year will reveal the fact that he wrote eight of them on October 15th and seven on the 19th. Fifteen songs in two days must surely constitute a record.

Other men have, of course, had their productive years. Schumann wrote 150 songs in 1840, but practically nothing else; Handel could write faster than any three contemporary composers combined: he wrote "The Messiah" in three weeks, and "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt" relatively at about the same speed. Others, again, have produced great quantities of the same type of work. Bach, for instance, wrote 190 church cantatas, besides countless works for clavier. They thought nothing of it, these men; if a composition was wanted, or suggested itself to them, they simply turned it out. But, with every respect to all of them, we imagine that our Schubert holds the palm for sheer speed. Not that speed is everything—or indeed, anything. Speed without quality is negligible.

But it has always been a perfectly satisfactory proof of fluency and often of genius also: forced composition has rarely had the appearance of being anything else. One has only to examine a large proportion of the songs and ballads which present-day publishers issue from the pens of even quite popular composers in order to realise how foolish it is for many of them to attempt what they were never really designed to do. Apart from their lack of deep technical knowledge, fluency is not, and never will be theirs. On the other hand, it must be said (with every truth in the statement) that nearly all the great composers wrote too much. One would imagine that the kindest act Providence could have done would have been to allow them—just before the end of their lives on earth—to review their output in the

light of what history has said of it since. There is not a shadow of doubt that a copious waste-paper basket would have been in demand in each case.

Bach would have used his for some of the merely technical efforts. There were times in the life of that wonderful old man when he was really too tired to write and yet too tired to stop writing. So he went on, hanging like grim death onto his huge technique. Occasionally he would write for the organ as though the instrument had no soul; at others he simply was its soul.

Handel at times lifted up choral singing to the very heights of heaven itself; at others he made rather stupid noises for choirs to sing. Haydn plagiarised himself to such an extent on occasions that one wonders why he said the same thing so many times; yet there were times when he said things which no one has ever been able to say like him.

Beethoven stands immortal so long as this or the next world shall last; but we, personally, can never find it other than hard to forgive him for those appalling variations on Diabelli's theme. When Beethoven chose to be boring he was boring with a vengeance; and yet we echo Schubert's own words: "Who can do anything after Beethoven?"

There are, we know, lofty critics in the world—even to-day—who can afford to sneer at Mendelssohn; there are others of us, fortunately, who see the highest that has ever been written in much of his work. If occasionally he became, like Bach, too tired to go on—but went on because

his genius gave him no rest, contenting himself with filling up bar after bar with scales and *arpeggi* when nothing of greater value occurred to him, that was unfortunate; but it is forgiven him because of other things.

And so one might go on: it is the same story with all of them—not least with our Schubert. But history is a very fair judge in the end. No man's music lives unless it grips the human race: no man's music dies unless there is no reason why it should live. It has taken, in certain instances, all the persuasive powers that one great composer has possessed to make the world at large understand the music of another. It has already been mentioned that Schubert himself knew nothing of Bach. To us such a statement is amazing: music without Bach to the real lovers of the art is like an egg without salt. But it took Mendelssohn years of hard work to establish him. We all love our Wagner; but the present writer is old enough to remember the fight for him in the days of his childhood. Richter worked himself nearly to death in Manchester and elsewhere for Wagner's popularity in England. If Chopin has come to mean so much to us where piano music is concerned we have to thank Schumann and Liszt in the first place, and Pachmann in the second.

But Schubert has never had any great champion—unless it be Grove, who wrote of him, or Gerhardt, who has sung him with such success. The production of "Lilac-time" has done much to keep his memory green with the average person; but those of his larger works which have retained

their hold upon the hearts of the really musical have done so more or less upon their own account. During his life-time it seemed as though nothing that he—or his friends—could do would cause him to be valued at his true worth. When we remember that he never heard a production of the C major symphony—or even of the much-beloved "Unfinished"—and compare his experience with that of Mendelssohn (who was adored everywhere he went) or of our own Elgar (who has had, at least, the satisfaction of hearing probably every one of his works excellently performed) our sympathy goes out to this unhappy soul.

Schubert's circle of acquaintances was now increasing most pleasurably. He had just come to know the Hüttenbrenner family. The three brothers, Anselm, Josef, and Heinrich, were able to be of some service to him. Of his activities in this year there is nothing to record, however, beyond his work: he did not leave Vienna the whole of the time, as may be imagined: he just remained at home and wrote every moment he had the chance.

We have discussed his operas in some amount of detail; we have spoken of the impulses which actuated his church-writings; it might be convenient here if we asked the reader to interest himself for a short while in Schubert as a writer for the piano.

It is not difficult to place him in his rightful position in the world of piano-music if only upon the grounds that we have had a century's experience of him. Moreover, as we

have had eighty years of Mendelssohn and Chopin, over sixty of Schumann—in addition to the experience which Debussy (and others like him) have given us where pianoforte idiom is concerned—to say nothing of Bach who seems to stand somewhere at the back of all of them—it is a comparatively simple matter to take a dispassionate view of Schubert.

The Art of Music is a story of the influence of one man over another: no one can ever get away from that absolute fact. They studied each others' scores; they visited each others' houses and performed each others' music in person; they often did each other the greatest services in the most open and unselfish manner; they were each others' masters and pupils; they sought each others' advice. Perhaps it is one of the greatest delights in reading of these men that we find them so ready to help each other.

If Brahms were with us to-day he would still assert that he owed his whole career to Schumann's efforts on his behalf. Chopin found in Schumann an excellent champion when other critics were hounding him down as an ultra-modernist. And when he felt that his piano-technique was not all that he would have liked it to be he consulted Kalkbrenner with the idea of taking lessons from him. It was only after Mendelssohn had said "Don't do that, Chopinetto; you play better than Kalkbrenner as it is" that he thought better of it.

So that if we find in a good deal of Schubert's piano-

music much that was the direct result of the influence of Haydn, Mozart and (more particularly) Beethoven, it is merely a case in point.

But it is not sufficient to dismiss the matter in so few words. When piano-music becomes outstanding in its value it is nearly always by reason of the great technical knowledge of its composer. It is easily possible to write excellent music which can be *played* upon the piano and yet not to succeed in writing real piano-music. The piano is the instrument of the home; in nearly every home one is to be found. It is a convenient instrument in that it can supply not only the melody of a work but the harmonies as well, in which respect it has only one fellow-instrument —the organ. (We regard the harp as being uncommon except as an orchestral instrument.)

But the organ, even though it have vast resources, is strictly limited because its compass is represented by the pitch of the pipes and not by the keys themselves. In the piano one finds all that one requires. Every choral work which has been published has been provided with an arrangement of the accompaniment (often originally conceived for full orchestra) written upon two staves so that it can be performed upon the piano. Even when (as in the case of church cantatas) it is really intended for rendition upon the organ it is rare that a separate line is given to the pedals. An organist is expected to arrange that for himself as he goes along. The piano is, as we have said, a convenient instrument.

But, apart from the excellent uses to which it is so often put, the piano has a soul of its own. Clavier-music is not always piano-music by any manner of means. Even Beethoven, who played upon an early model which had just emerged from a kind of chrysalis-stage, and who saw the butterfly of the future clearly enough to give the world some exquisite creations which will never be discarded, occasionally forgot that he was not writing for full orchestra. If we examine the slow introduction to what has been called the "Pathetic Sonata" it will be to find that it is really a reduction of an orchestral score—or at least that it is orchestrally conceived. It is not true piano-music.

The immortal Preludes and Fugues of Bach—even though they be as eternal as the pyramids of Egypt—are not the epitome of the soul of the piano. If we play the first Prelude of all—the one over which Gounod wrote his "Ave Maria" melody—we feel that we must use the pedal for our effects. But Bach wrote for no pedal simply because that excellent device was not in existence in his day. We are left to conjecture as best we can what he would have done had he been given a modern grand. Many pianists —a whole school of them, in fact—have sought to avoid the issue by playing Bach without the use of the pedal. They may have succeeded in doing voluntarily what he had to do compulsorily, but they have also succeeded in doing anything except play the piano. Debussy once said that a piano was not open until the *sostenuto* pedal had been depressed. And no one who heard Debussy play could

doubt his knowledge. The fact of the matter is that we have simply made transcriptions of Bach's clavier music for our own needs upon present-day instruments, and excellent those transcriptions have proved to be.

The piano is essentially a modern instrument. It *must* be modern: old ones are of little value. What is finer than this year's model by Blüthner, Bechstein or Steinway? The answer is "next year's model by the same makers." But can we say that of a violin? What is finer than a new violin? The answer is, of course, *an old one*! To handle a violin by Stradivari is a thrilling experience: it is to realise that, although two hundred years have passed by, the instrument is younger than ever it was. One finds oneself thinking of all those who have treasured it, and who have made it speak—those long-dead hands that have caressed it and coaxed the tones from its very soul. But does anyone wish to play upon a piano which is two hundred *months* old, let alone years, if he can possess one whose varnish is scarcely dry?

The piano is one of the most difficult instruments in the world to play. Most normal people can play the organ well in ten years—merely because they depend upon mechanical devices for their chief effects and are excused all forms of real dynamic touch; but it takes them all this and (one imagines) most of the next life to play the piano perfectly. Small wonder was it that Pachmann declared that it was not until he was turned seventy that he completed his technique.

He was right when he said that true pianism takes every waking moment of one's life to attain.

Not that a tolerable imitation of true technique has not been attained by a few here and there; some of them have also given to the world examples of it in the art of writing for the piano. But they have been few and far between.

The first and foremost of these, of course, was Chopin. No one wishes to suggest for a moment that Chopin alone should be played in public, but it can be suggested (without fear of contradiction upon the part of anyone who really knows) that no one has written so consistently well for the piano as he has done.

Schumann's technique, though never comparable with Chopin's (we are now referring to their actual playing), was once good. Unfortunately, he sought (by a foolish device) to strengthen his muscles when he should have used his brain to strengthen his nerves; consequently, he paralysed the fingers of one hand. Even though he was forced to give up playing in public (as a consequence of this accident) he had learnt enough to establish his own excellent idiom in writing for the instrument, but he fell into the error of writing all "from the head." Those are his own words; he gave that advice to the young musicians of his day: *do all from the head!*

It is bad advice. None of the world's greatest piano music has been arrived at in that way. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Mendelssohn were all noted for their powers of improvisation: Chopin, perhaps, was the greatest of them

Schubert at Twenty-five.

in this respect. It was a common sight to see him seated at his piano with a pen in his mouth; he would get his original ideas at the keyboard, write them down, and then proceed to alter anything and everything which he considered did not lie directly under his hand. Consequently, there is not a single passage in Chopin which cannot be played by anyone with an ordinary-sized hand and a sound technique. Chopin knew very well that if he did not immediately alter every phrase which he found to cause his hands to get out of perfect position when he played it he would make the alteration when he came to perform the work in public.

Liszt's piano-music suffers from great technical difficulties. He, of course, had an enormous hand: to shake hands with Liszt was like getting into a 'bus. Consequently, several of his passages flout the best methods of piano technique. Liszt's method of playing could have been imitated by very few for this very reason. Chopin's method of playing was simplicity itself. With him there were no lateral movements—much less rotary; his wrists were always slightly depressed; his entire action came from them, or else from his fingers of which the middle joints were kept, in all circumstances, in a direct line with his forearm. Arm-weight and other such terms were unknown to him. Such playing as his was never heard again until Pachmann reached his height; when he goes one is left to wonder when another will arise who will strike chords as he had struck them, who will use his nerves instead of his muscles, and who

will never forget the tonal limits of an instrument which was not designed to send forth the same volume of sound as a cathedral organ. The fact that Chopin did nothing else than write piano-music is neither here nor there; he once admitted himself that he was not "learned enough" to compose operas. But he established for all time the real "Method of Methods"—and proved it in his "Etudes" which epitomise the whole driving force that lies at the back of true pianism.

Schubert missed all this; he had no technique worth speaking of. He admitted as much himself. He had an infallible mental ear and a smart eye for anything which could be played upon the instrument, but there is no evidence that his powers of improvisation were other than quite ordinary. With a pen in his hand it was a different matter; he was capable of doing almost anything, and without the slightest effort—so ripe was his genius. When he wrote the "Fantasy in C" he could not play it. He tried on one occasion. In the middle of the last movement he found himself in difficulties: he jumped up in a rage crying, "Let the devil himself play it—I am damned if I can."

That was the very reason of his piano-music varying so much in quality. He wrote three sets of what he was pleased to call "Impromptus"; they were such in name only. There is little enough about them that was the work of an *improvisateur*. The first one of Opus 142, for example, is, candidly speaking, scarcely worth playing even though there are passages in it which arrest the attention.

The second is a gem. But its ear-haunting melody is so lyrical in construction that it seems to ask for words to be put to it, to be sung by some wonderful, rich voice.

A close examination of the middle section of it reveals blemishes here and there: the notes of the *arpeggi* (of which it is chiefly constructed) are so arranged, in places, that the hand gets out of position when executing them. One needs to make very nice decisions regarding the fingering to play them well. The necessary alterations are so minute —a note here and there is sufficient—as to seem scarcely worth while to make, but if they are made the passages fall under the hand perfectly.

In his sonatas it is much the same thing. But here a different point of view must be given. Schubert is not known to posterity for his piano sonatas merely because Mozart and Beethoven had said all that he had ever tried to say (and so much more effectively) before him. The fact that Schubert remains the Prince of Song is because he contrived to say something which no one has ever been able to say in the same fashion.

And that makes all the difference. Had Schubert lived to be a hundred it is doubtful if he would have left anything of greater value for the piano than he did leave. After a century it is the fairest and most sympathetic criticism we can offer him to regard his piano-work in this light.

He did not really understand the piano; he only played it to illustrate what he wished at the moment, or else to

play an accompaniment to one of his songs. Curiously enough, some of his most pianistic passages occur in those same accompaniments.

There is no question about it; it needed words to set him going in his own idiom. Once settled down to writing music to a good poem, all his faculties seemed to act at once: he would pour out melody by the hour, rapidly filling in what always seems to be the only possible accompaniment.

But to write for the piano is (as we have tried to show) a separate thing in music. The piano has little in common with other instruments. It belongs to no particular group, as does, for instance, the viola, or the oboe. It lives in pleasant surroundings; the best room in the house is set apart for its accommodation; it lives its life with the family and the family's friends. It cannot be tucked under its owner's chin or be carried about and blown into; when it is wanted it must be approached.

Thus an atmosphere has grown up around its music, which is also the music of the home. To play Bach, or Beethoven, or Chopin in a half-darkened room, to play Debussy in an atmosphere of delicate refinement is to do something which is entirely satisfying. But to play Schubert after them is something to make some exclaim "yes, beautiful; but let him be *sung*!"

Yet Schubert rose to great heights in some of his piano-music, though only when he forgot his beloved Beethoven and spoke his own thoughts. We can never insist too much that pure Schubert is a thing apart in music—something

which must for ever be regarded by itself. Let us, therefore, search for the pearls that are to be found amongst the collection of gems which he bequeathed us; but let us take care to pick out only the genuine pearls, for we cannot show our appreciation better than by putting aside the paste imitations.

V. FREEDOM

(1816-1817).

To have uncongenial work is only one degree preferable to having no work at all; and neither condition can be fully realised until a man knows that he is, at long last, doing that which he was sent to do.

V. FREEDOM.

(1816-1817.)

It must have been during the last week of the year 1815 that Schubert wrote the "Erl-King," an excellent wind-up to the year's abnormal activities. One day, soon after Christmas, Josef Spaun looked in at Schubert's to see what Franz was doing with his time; he had not seen him for a few weeks. He found him—as usual—writing as though dear life depended on it. There he was, sitting at his desk: term was over, and he had nothing to do but spend his time at his compositions. He had a copy of Goethe's "Erl-könig" propped up against a pile of school exercise-books; his hair was awry and he had no collar on. But he was far too occupied to attend to small matters of that kind. The "Erl-King" was being literally slung on to paper.

But he ceased immediately Spaun entered the room. The friendship had increased in warmth since both boys had left the Convict, and Franz had never forgotten Spaun's goodness to him. He now opened his heart about the school; he wanted to "please father," but he found it almost more than he could bear to give up so much valuable

time to teaching the boys. "Here am I," he grumbled, "morning after morning, teaching the little devils something they don't want to learn, and all the time melodies worry me until I nearly burst for the want of being able to write them down." Spaun was intensely sympathetic; he knew Schubert's nature far too well to be anything else. But he could offer no solution to the problem; it was obvious that, if he wanted to escape military service, the two years must be spent in the school.

And then, a few weeks later, Franz had another disappointment. The post of *Kapellmeister* (combined with that of Head Music-master) at the Normal School of Music at Laibach fell vacant. Schubert felt, on the one hand, that it might be a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire to leave one teaching post only to take up duties in another —especially one at some distance away: on the other hand, the stipend was larger and the subject music. Also the pupils would be "private" and not in a class. That was a considerable attraction, for Franz was not particularly good where discipline was concerned. He was like all such natures; half the time he was "ragging" with the boys, and the other half was irritable with them when they wanted to "rag" and he did not.

It had been much the same thing with Bach at the *Thomasschule*, in Leipzig. Although he had tried to avoid it, he had been forced to take junior Latin classes—which he detested doing. He, also, was never cut out for a disciplinarian.

But there it was; this post of *Kapellmeister* was vacant, and Franz felt that it must be sought after at once. So he called on Salieri and asked him what he thought about his chances. Salieri was quite enthusiastic. "I will give you a testimonial," he said, with an air of finality. "There is no doubt about it; they will appoint you." But he was wrong: nothing he could say or do would persuade the authorities to have Franz at the school, despite the fact that they had already consulted Salieri, even to going so far as to ask him to judge the applications for the post. It simply came to this: they would accept any nomination of Salieri's so long as it was not Schubert. Nothing seemed to alter their decision; Salieri therefore suggested Jacob Schaufl who was immediately appointed.

So Franz became despondent again and tried hard to make up his mind to face at least another term in his father's school. Just as the holidays were drawing to a close he was surprised by a visit from Von Schober, a pleasant young man who was studying law at the Vienna University. Von Schober came of a good family and was fairly well-to-do. The object of his visit was most generous. He proposed that Franz should leave his father's school as soon as his two years were completed, and come to reside with him. It appeared that Von Schober had heard several of the latest songs at Spaun's house. Spaun had talked about Schubert a good deal to Von Schober; this visit was the result of their discussion. Spaun had told him how Franz detested teaching, and had apparently given him a

vivid description of how he caught him writing the "Erl-King." Hence the invitation. Frau von Schober had listened to her son's pleadings and now sent a pleasant message to Schubert.

Franz was overcome with delight; but he came to the conclusion that he must offer to teach for another term in his father's school so that no inconvenience should be caused, but by Easter the welcome change had been effected.

Schubert found the society of Von Schober altogether delightful. He was a young man of exceedingly refined tastes, especially in literature and music; indeed, it is doubtful if a more acceptable friend could have been found.

He began work with a will; music literally poured out of him every hour of the day. Salieri's jubilee was about to be celebrated, for one thing; of course, something must be written for it. This proved to be a cantata. Hardly had he finished it when a certain Herr Watteroth called upon him and asked him to write a similar work for his father-in-law—another of these popular name-day cantatas, seemingly. Schubert obliged by writing "Prometheus."

After the account of his compositions already given—especially in the preceding chapter—it will come as a matter of complete surprise to the reader to learn that this was positively the first time anyone had thought of offering Schubert a penny-piece for anything he wrote. It is literally a fact that, hitherto, he had earned nothing by his work. When Lichtenthal Church required a new Mass they asked for it and received it, as we have shown; when anybody had

a birthday he was honoured with a cantata to mark the event. But when Franz wanted to have an opera performed no one would look at it; when he approached a publisher he could scarce obtain an interview, let alone a commission to write. But here was his first commission; he was to receive the equivalent of £4.

His excitement was pathetic to behold; he recorded in his diary the fact that he had actually "composed for money." He broke his pen in his eagerness to get down the first themes of the work which was to bring him such wealth. And when, a week later, Dr. Josef Spendau asked him to write a cantata for him—he was Founder and Principal of the Schoolmasters' Widows' Fund in Vienna—Schubert complied with his usual enthusiasm. Dr. Spendau's name does not bear out his intentions: he did not propose to "spend" anything on the cantata—he did not offer Franz so much as the price of the paper upon which he wrote the score.

Schubert was far too shy and good-natured to suggest that the matter should be made a professional one: he told Von Schober that he had nothing in the world left to wish for because as soon as he had finished one piece he was free to begin another. He called his new symphony "Tragic"—a term which might be applied to his whole life. He followed it by another in B flat which—even though it be rather after Mozart—might well be revived; it has a breeze blowing through it which would find response in an English audience. A fairly good selection of church-music

belongs to this and the following year; also about a hundred songs. By the end of 1817, Schubert's recorded compositions had passed the truly amazing figure of *five hundred;* his total receipts in hard cash consisted of the four pounds already mentioned.

Surely this is unique. Many a composer had to struggle for recognition; few did not. But all of them managed, somehow or other, to earn their daily bread—or, at least, part of it; Schubert alone seems to have been the exception. He stood in his own light all his life: he had no more business acumen than a child. Neither had he any real method of going to work. He put down the first idea which happened to occur to him because there rarely seemed time to choose a second: when he wrote a work he wrote it because he wanted to and not because there was a chance of selling it. No composer—not even Mendelssohn—attempted more forms of composition than he did: no composer failed so completely in so many.

When he met those with whom he had to have business dealings he became shy and distinctly awkward: on the rare occasions when a publisher offered him "terms" for a composition he trembled like a leaf. Personal conceit he had none: if he criticised the work of another composer he did so honestly and without the slightest trace of jealousy. Indeed, it was seldom that he was ever heard to say a word against a fellow-musician.

His opinions of his own work were seldom expressed: when they were, they came out quite naturally and in a

very modest form. On more than one occasion Salieri went so far as to praise his work in his presence: once—a never-to-be-forgotten occasion—Beethoven waxed enthusiastic before him; but he made no reply in either case. It seemed as though he could not (or would not) realise his position in the world of music. Beethoven knew his own position and acted the part in consequence: Schubert seemed to have no part to act.

There was a simplicity in his nature which was as beautiful as it was exceptional. Like most musicians, he adored the country and Nature's unspoiled effects. Convention he detested in any form. It was with the utmost difficulty that his friends could persuade him to dress respectably even when occasion demanded it. He detested evening dress: he said he looked a damned fool in it. But if anyone said, "Come round to us this evening; no ceremony, you know!" he was there like a shot.

We have already spoken of his astounding power of concentration and of how he showed it to such excellent advantage when he sang the solo test-piece for the chorister-ship at the Emperor's Chapel: that admirable quality he never lost. He could sit at a table in a beer-garden on a summer's evening with Spaun and Stadler—perhaps with a large party—and think out some new work, laughing and joking with them the while. He was always the leader: they looked to him to begin everything. Streams of melody would course through his brain while he convulsed them with his nonsense—he could be a real fool on occasions—

and then, quite suddenly, he would quieten down and perhaps leave them without a word. If any of them chanced to pass his house on their way home later in the evening it would be to see a light burning in his room. But they would not disturb him: they knew that the next time they saw him he would have a sheaf of new songs for them to hear.

Most of his biographers have had something to say upon the subject of his supposed intemperate habits. Some have gone so far as to say that he lived an intemperate life. Nothing is further from fact. If Schubert ever became inebriated it was from drinking beer or wine of an inferior quality when he had not tasted food for a considerable period. To suggest that he was an habitual drunkard is an absurdity: no man could possibly have turned out the work he did had he been addicted to drinking.

Neither did he give way to drink (in the usual sense of the term) by reason of sorrow or disappointment. He always acted in the same fashion on these all-too-many occasions: he retired within himself, saw no one, and brooded over his rebuffs until, from sheer necessity, he was forced to start again. The necessity was a physical one. Ideas came at such a pace that he was simply overwhelmed by the desire to get them down on paper. To read a poem once was enough; he could repeat it immediately afterwards.

One evening he found himself with nothing particularly interesting to set, and felt disinclined to begin another symphony. So he took a stroll. He chanced to pass the

"Die Post."

"On the road I hear a post-horn shrill;
In that what is there that makes thee thrill,
My heart?"

house of a friend whom he had not seen for some time, and decided to call and see him. The servant who opened the door asked him to wait a few minutes. Franz went into one of the rooms and began to look at the contents of the book-case. He came across a volume of poems which had only recently been issued. Casually turning over the leaves, he discovered several which appealed to him as being suitable for setting as songs. That was enough: the melody-tap began to run at once. Franz fidgetted about for some little time and searched for some manuscript-paper, but without success. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he quietly left the room and the house, tore down the street as though he had literally stolen the book, and arrived home quite out of breath. He threw his hat down, seized a pen and some paper, and wrote until the small hours of the morning. As soon as he was up the following day he visited his friend once more, full of apologies at not having waited to see him the previous evening. "But I have brought these," he said modestly, and produced half-a-dozen excellent songs.

On the other hand, it was more than anyone could do to get him to write a letter. When we think of the colossal correspondence of Beethoven, who seems to have expressed his every sentiment in this form at some time or other in his career; when we read Mendelssohn's delightful expressions of his particular philosophy; when we peruse Chopin's outburst of protestation against his constant ill-health and compare them with the few specimens of Schubert's views

to be found amongst his correspondence, we realise that he was a man of very few words—if the words had to be written. One of the few letters which he wrote to his people at this time begins thus: "I admit the justice of your rebuke at my long silence; but, as I am adverse to writing mere empty words, and as the present time with me offers but little that is of interest, you will pardon me."

Occasionally—fortunately it *was* only occasionally, for he was very poor at it—he went so far as to express himself in verse. But his many friends seem to have kept him supplied with poems of varying quality for him to set, so that this does not greatly signify. His friends were everything to him: they kept him from starvation, between them, during the years he was unable to support himself. Von Schober never charged him a penny in the matter of board and lodging all the time he lived under his roof: on the contrary he was always giving him presents—clothes, chiefly. Whether or not this was in self-defence—for Franz could look as disreputable as any tramp of the wayside at times—it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that he was goodness itself to this really lovable creature.

Schubert was popular everywhere. He was so utterly approachable that the musically-inclined flocked around him in great numbers. Whole evenings of Schubert's music were convened in one or other of the many parks in Vienna during the warm weather—*Schubertiaden* they were called—and there Franz found his real public.

He quarrelled with none, unless it could be called

quarrelling when he snapped at those whose criticism of his work he considered unfair or ignorant. He stood little of that kind of treatment, but he never bore malice about it.

With women he was extremely shy. If he lost his heart occasionally, his love-making was simple and direct. In every one of the instances recorded it was unrequited: even that never soured him. Women only appealed to him when they were entirely without conceit or affectation. An affected woman—and there were plenty of them in Vienna—bored him to extinction. He expressed himself rather forcibly to Anselm Hüttenbrenner on the subject when a woman had flattered him rather obviously one evening at a musical gathering. "How these women bore me," he said afterwards. "They know nothing of music, and what they say does not come from the heart."

One of the best friends of his life was Michael Vogl, the famous *lieder*-singer. Von Schober and Mayrhofer between them managed to arrange a meeting between the two men. Vogl knew very little of Schubert at the time and did not seem at all anxious to meet him; but he soon altered his attitude after the introduction had taken place. He was rather staggered when he was also introduced to the songs. "Well, I can't sing them all for you," he said with a grin, looking at a huge pile of manuscript which lay upon the table, "but I will do my best with some of them." Which he certainly did. He chanced to be doing a good deal of *lieder*-singing at the time and was good enough to introduce many of Schubert's songs in the *salons*

of Vienna. This ultimately was of great service, for it brought about some little recognition upon the part of the publishers.

"I cannot understand how you find time to do it all," said Vogl one day, after examining the latest batch. Franz was ruefully examining one of the side-pieces of his spectacles which had broken into two pieces. "That comes of sleeping in them," he grumbled. "Well, why sleep in them?" asked Vogl. "You see, replied Franz, "it saves time in the mornings, and also if I wake in the night I can begin to write without groping for them first."

From this time onwards Schubert seems to have had less to do with Salieri. Some say that he actually quarrelled with him about the suitability of some words for setting: if that was really so we are inclined to think that Salieri must have been right, for some of the lyrics which we have recently examined leave much to be desired. But the facts of the supposed disagreement with Salieri are not very clear.

At this time all Vienna was running after Rossini, whose operas had taken the city by storm. Schubert could not make up his mind whether he admired him or not: of Beethoven, as will be shown, he was an absolute worshipper; but Rossini's Italian style did not move him to ecstasy. Schubert and several friends went to the Opera one night to hear one of Rossini's works. During the interval one of them asked Franz what he thought of the performance.

He replied that he admired much of it but that he wondered why Rossini wrote such nonsense for his overtures.

"Anyone can write that sort of stuff," he said. I could write an overture as good as that at one sitting." "I doubt it," said the friend. "Then I will prove it this very night," declared Schubert, who may not have been in the best of moods. After the performance was over the little party repaired to one of their houses.

"Now," said Schubert. "Give me some paper." It was handed to him. He took a pen and, before their very eyes, wrote the first of the two "Overtures in the Italian Style," much upon the same lines as the one they had heard earlier in the evening. Strangely enough, that very overture was the first orchestral work of Schubert to be performed in public.

But that sort of bravado was infrequent enough. Franz was always ready to acknowledge the abilities of others. In fact, he was so anxious to know whether or not any new acquaintance could "do anything" that his friends nicknamed him *Kanevas*, a corruption of *kann er was?* (Can he do anything?) because it was his inevitable question.

They knew that he was absolutely penniless; yet not one of them ever suggested that—as beggars could not be choosers—he ought to have continued the teaching which, after all, did bring him in a few pounds each term. Instead, they combined to make him comfortable. Von Schober gave him a roof over his head; Spaun and Stadler saw to it that he wanted for nothing in the way of materials for

his work; Holzapfel and Doppler frequently took him out to lunch or supper in the restaurants near by. They knew him to be sensitive in the matter, and it was more than any of them dare do to suggest that he should come with them again the following day. If any of them did that, Franz always made an excuse. So they simply made it their business to pass his house and to persuade him to go with them for a stroll. He always went and they would, of course, end up at a tavern. Even then they had to be careful not to let him see who paid; one of them had to take him off or to interest him in something while another settled the account for the meal. And when (on occasions) Franz had money of his own he would seize the bill and pay for the whole party himself.

There is something extraordinarily big and broad in all this: the understanding that they had with Franz was indeed mute; they just looked after him and said nothing about it.

But he repaid them in many little ways, and when he went they felt his loss. That, however, is a story to be told; the end was not yet, and there was to be a period of comparative happiness and contentment in store for him. For his next acquisition in the matter of friendships was that of the Esterházy family.

VI. THE ESTERHAZY FAMILY

(1818).

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love.

Claudio in "Much Ado About Nothing."

VI. THE ESTERHAZY FAMILY.

(1818.)

If there is anything which can be said to be common to practically all the greater composers it is that they have, in varying degrees, received invaluable help by reason of the friendly patronage of both aristocracy and wealthy admirers. Indeed, it might have been very serious for a good many of them had it not been so. Bach was more than grateful for the six years he spent as *Kapellmeister* to the Duke of Cöthen; in fact, he would have retained the post after he had taken up his duties in the *Thomasschule* at Leipzig had it been possible to do the two things at one and the same time.

Mozart, once *hammer-compositor* to the Emperor, rather foolishly refused the post of *Kapellmeister* to the King of Prussia which was offered him when he chanced to visit Berlin in company with Prince Lichnowski; even Beethoven was guilty of what he called "jumping on the aristocracy," and owed much of his personal success to the kindness of Count Waldstein to whom (it will be remembered) he dedicated his beautiful C major Sonata; Chopin depended almost entirely upon his aristocratic friends for help when he needed it; it was something of the same kind with Liszt

at one period in his career; Mendelssohn numbered amongst his dearest friends our own Queen Victoria. So that, even if we omit Handel—who was alternately quarrelling with George I. and seeking pardon for some of the acid remarks he made to that stodgy monarch when his irritation got the better of him—it seems that few of the great composers could afford to disregard their friends and patrons.

It is interesting, in view of what follows here, to record that Haydn spent some time as sub-director at the chapel belonging to Prince Paul Esterházy, who was related to, but who sprang from another branch of the same family as Count Johann Esterházy, the friend of Schubert. Count John was an estimable personality and a thoroughly good amateur musician. His wife was more than usually capable as a *lieder*-singer, and the two daughters—Marie, aged 13, and Caroline, aged 11—showed every sign of following in their mother's footsteps. There was also a boy of five.

Schubert owed his introduction to the Count to Herr Unger—another capable amateur, whose daughter (Caroline Unger-Sabatier) subsequently attained some amount of distinction as a soprano opera-singer—and the meeting resulted in the Count offering Schubert a more or less definite post in his household as teacher to the children and "composer-general" to the family. Apparently the Count was not discriminating enough to require anything particularly outstanding in the matter of a teacher of piano and voice-production, for, with all due respect to Schubert, he was not the best teacher to be found in Vienna.

But the enterprise seems to have been very satisfactory on both sides, and Franz had the pleasurable experience of accounting the beautiful country seat at Zelesz, in Hungary, as his home for the whole summer. The Count left him free to do just as he pleased, with the excellent result that Schubert rested a good deal from the endless stream of melody-making and enjoyed himself in other ways. Zelesz Castle was a charming old place situated amid some of the most attractive scenery in Hungary. The family generally spent the summer months there, returning to the town house in Vienna well in time for the winter season.

Ignaz Schubert seems to have regarded the appointment as an extraordinary stroke of luck for his young brother, judging from the contents of a letter which he wrote to him soon after he had taken up residence at Zelesz.

"You lucky mortal!" he began. "What a thoroughly enviable lot is yours! You live in a sweet, golden freedom; you can give full play to your genius; you can scatter your thoughts about just as you please, become petted, praised and idolised; whilst one of our lot (like an old cart-horse) must put up with all the vagaries of noisy boys."

Franz replied to this admitting the good fortune (of which he expressed himself deeply sensible), adding that he was composing like a god. Perhaps gods do not compose at any great speed: Schubert certainly slowed down considerably in this respect while with the Esterházys—about the best thing he could have done. He managed, however, to complete another Mass (the one in C) for the choir at

Lichtenthal, and a symphony—also in C. These, together with some four-hand pieces for the piano (written for the Esterházy girls to play as duets) and a few songs, were all he wrote at this period. Three of the songs have since attained considerable popularity amongst Schubert-lovers:—"Marienbild," "Litaney," and "Einsamkeit" (Solitude).

In September the family began to make preparations for returning to Vienna. If the truth must be told, Franz was not sorry. He had enjoyed the summer in the country, but began to miss his accustomed town life. Upon arrival in Vienna he excused himself from remaining in the Esterházy household without giving the slightest offence either to the Count or to his wife. He felt (though, of course, he did not say) that he would have to consider himself more or less at the beck and call of his employer. At the Castle it did not matter in the least; but Schubert knew that, once he was back in Vienna, it would be irksome not to have his time his own. So he satisfied the Count that he was willing and eager to continue the lessons to his daughters, and left it at that. As he was receiving two *gulden* per lesson, he could scarcely afford to give them up.

It was unfortunate that Von Schober could not offer him hospitality as heretofore; his brother, having returned to Vienna after a considerable absence abroad, was occupying the only vacant room. Mayrhofer, however, was very anxious that Franz should go to him for a while, and the arrangement was completed at once.

If opposites really agree there would seem to be every reason why Schubert should go to live with Mayrhofer; for two more dissimilar characters could not have been found in Vienna. Mayrhofer was grim, saturnine and a thorough grumbler; Schubert was cheery, boisterous and sunny-tempered. But they had a great deal in common—work chiefly. Mayrhofer wrote poems with one hand while he took his meals with the other; so that Franz was not likely to be without anything to do.

It was quite an amusing sight to see them together. They would sit at a long table—one at each end—with their manuscripts in front of them, Mayrhofer grunting under his breath (a habit of his when writing) and Schubert humming the melodies he was writing in order not to hear the poet's vocal efforts.

On one occasion Schubert had finished whatever he was doing and was looking round for something else to set. Mayrhofer was hard at work upon some short poems. As soon as he had finished a sheet he pushed it aside to make room for the next. Schubert surreptitiously reached out a hand and purloined the one which lay on top of the pile. He glanced through it, took a fresh piece of manuscript paper, and set the poem there and then. Unfortunately we are unable to identify the song, but the story is quite good enough to tell, all the same.

The two usually worked all the morning in complete silence (that is to say, except for Mayrhofer's grunts), had a meal about two o'clock and then went for a walk in the

country. Sometimes they went together: on other occasions they parted abruptly without a word, each going his own way. It was a queer friendship, but it was sincere to the last degree; in his quaint way Mayrhofer adored Schubert. The net result in terms of songs written to Mayrhofer's poems seems to have been forty-seven.

During this time Schubert kept in touch with the Convict as often as circumstances permitted; he would listen to (or else take part in) the performance of one of his string quartets, of which he wrote fourteen in all. Enough, one would think, in a short lifetime devoted to so many forms of composition; yet he rose to such heights of excellence in them that one would have liked to have seen even more. Of course, the early ones—as in the case of the symphonies and sonatas—reflect much of the influence of Mozart and Beethoven, but the later ones alter in character very much.

It has been said that 1819—the year following that which we are at the moment reviewing—was the turning-point in Schubert's career. This may quite probably be true; though it almost seems as if his idiom—at any rate, so far as his larger works are concerned—did not finally establish itself until the last year of his life. The whole story of Schubert is a record of work and friendships—the former often being the direct outcome of the latter. He had a mind like so much blotting-paper; everything that touched it remained there in an absorbed form. In his

chamber-music he has left us some of his absorbed impressions, so to speak, but also many of his most original ideas.

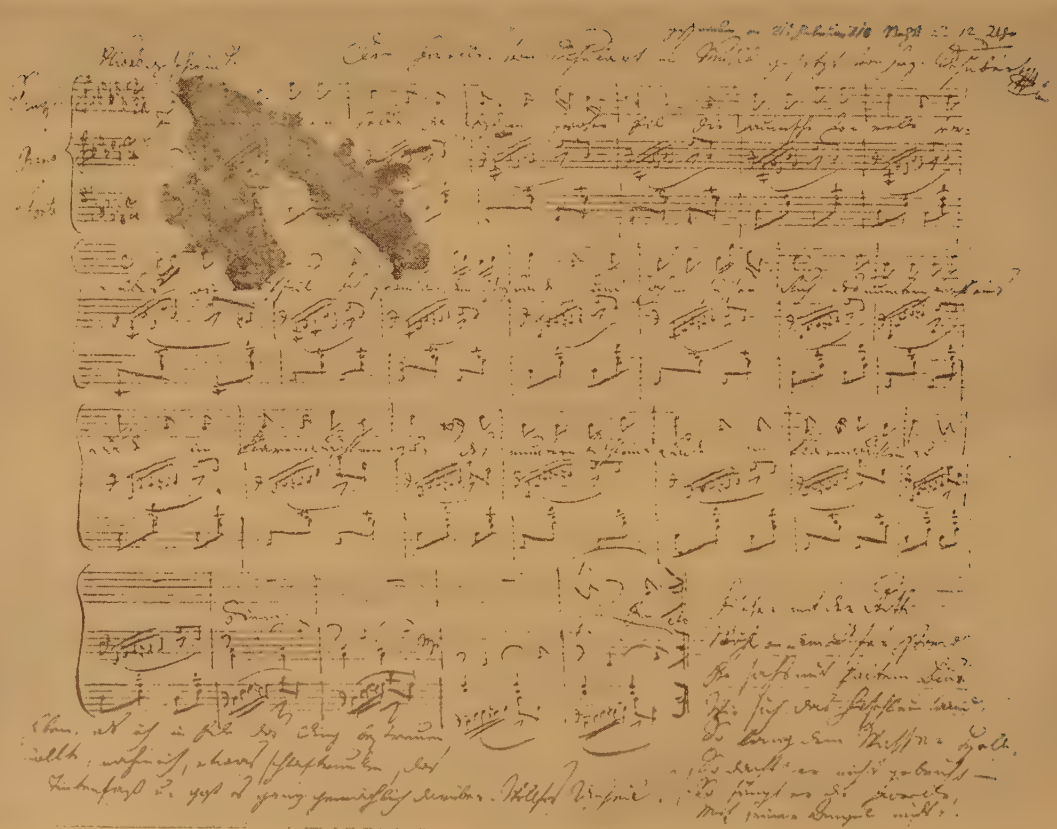
His genius was such that he really made a great mistake when he became enthusiastic over other mens' work: melodies and harmonies had such a lasting effect upon him as to influence him the next time he committed his thoughts to paper. To hear music was one of the worst things he could do from his own personal point of view as a composer: he could forget nothing he heard, however much he might have wished so to do. Had he lived in our time (when it is so easily possible to hear everything worth the hearing in the course of a single season) he would have ended by spoiling his own genius in a maze of unconscious imitations. Left to himself, he would write three or four works merely as a means of settling himself down to the act of composing. After having poured forth enough to make most men utterly fatigued and good for nothing except relaxation, an inspiration would come to him and, as a result, he would rush down some of his most original matter.

Everything of his which has lasted these hundred years was written at white heat and top speed, but was often preceded by material not quite so valuable. It is useless, however one may admire and love Schubert's music, to pretend that all of it is of equal value: the very fact that he wrote at such a speed and with so little effort is enough in itself to suggest that he could not be expected to say something which would hold the world of art for a century every time he put pen to paper. Those who become enthu-

siastic about genius—not necessarily of Schubert, but of any of the great composers—have nearly always forgotten one outstanding fact about it: they have jumped to the conclusion that as "genius is genius" it can do no wrong. Genius is like the wheat of the field; it multiplies exceedingly; but tares are bound to appear, and it is frequently necessary to let both grow until the harvest of recognition has been reached. Then it is a simple matter to select only the best of the grain, and to discard husk and tares alike.

And that is exactly what has been done in the case of Schubert. The majority of his songs are not wanted after a hundred years, but those which are wanted cannot be done without. It is a great compliment to him that it is so. His chamber-music is always wanted, whether in trio, quartet, quintet, or even octet form. The great Octet (written for (the five stringed instruments, clarinet, horn and bassoon) cannot be forgotten while chamber-music is a recognised form of music: the Trio (for piano, violin, and 'cello) is a work which we strongly recommend to amateur players who have a reasonably good technique, for it is delightful to play. The same thing can be said of the piano quintet in A major, though the piano part is as much as most amateurs will be able to master.

It would be wearisome if we attempted a detailed discussion of Schubert's chamber-music here: nothing is calculated to be more tedious than to read long descriptions of works of which the reader may not have the score for reference; indeed it would seem that either one must con-



Facsimile of the Manuscript of "Die Forelle."

tent oneself with a very cursory glance (more as a reminder of what a composer did actually write than anything else) for the reader's sake, or else one must go into the matter technically, bar by bar almost, for the sake of those who wish to study the works in a practical form. The purpose of this book is to remain as untechnical as possible: instead of giving technicalities, the endeavour has been to give a vivid picture of the man himself and of his methods of going to work. We trust we may be pardoned if, in our anxiety to paint our picture of Schubert in the right (and, we fear, all-too-sombre) colours, we point out once again that he was as yet entirely unknown outside his native place, not altogether appreciated in it, and certainly without a public other than his friends and associates.

The publishers up to this time, as we have shown, would not take his manuscripts at a gift—much less offer him reasonable terms for their acquisition. Even after his death they regarded the greater works as so much waste paper, though they did issue a few of the smaller ones. Looking back upon the truly astounding output up to this year 1818, one wonders why Schubert ever went on as he did with such scant recognition, knowing that every available space in his room was piled high with unwanted manuscripts; each one was a separate work—for he rarely found time to make duplicate copies of even those which he sold or gave away.

So that when Schumann arrived in Vienna (ten years after Schubert's death) bent on making some sort of survey of his works, he found the originals dispersed all over

the town. The most unexpected persons brought him manuscripts of every kind. Schumann conducted a systematic search for the larger works in person. He knew not what he would be likely to discover next, but even he received something of a shock when he suddenly unearthed a bulky manuscript—inches thick in dust—in a corner of one of the rooms.

"What's this?" he said to himself. "An opera, probably." He beat the dust out of the parcel and subsided into a chair to examine his find. He opened his eyes very wide as he rapidly read through the closely-written manuscript. Schumann had always loved Schubert's music and admired his genius, but he had never imagined him capable of a work of such construction as—*the great C Major Symphony*. For that was what he had found. His eyes filled with tears as he thought of Schubert—gone ten years now—who had never heard a bar of that superb work performed. Schumann admired the stately opening—he told Mendelssohn subsequently he thought it one of the most dignified things in music; he loved the rhythmic qualities of the *Andante* and the brilliance of the other two movements. He made up his mind there and then to ask Ferdinand Schubert if he might take the score—or at least a copy of it—back with him to Leipzig. "I shall get Mendelssohn to perform it at one of the *Gewandhaus* Concerts," he said. Ferdinand agreed at once: he knew how much Franz would have liked it.

To Schumann it was an awful thought that Schubert should never have heard the crowning work of his whole career—for such he knew it to be as soon as he examined the score. He thought of Mendelssohn, and of all the success which had met his every essay: he was not unmindful of his own. He left Vienna a few days later and hurried back to Germany, his sole occupation upon the journey being a close study of the symphony. As soon as he arrived in Leipzig he called upon his charming and good-natured contemporary, and placed the score in front of him. Mendelssohn was amazed.

"Poor old Schubert," was all he could say. He kept the score in order to study it closely: the result was that he had the orchestral parts copied immediately and performed the work with great success at one of the *Gewandhaus* concerts as Schumann had promised Ferdinand he would do.

This pathetic record is a little out of place here, chronologically speaking, but we have given it in this position in order to bring home to the reader the real state of affairs in the life of this poor soul whom Fate seemed to delight in disappointing. It is one thing to reach the immature age of twenty-one without much public recognition if you have a mere half-dozen works to your credit; you can afford to cast them into the recesses of your music cupboard and to take your disappointment as best you may. You will not be alone, by any manner of means; others before you will have suffered as greatly. But when you have well

over five hundred bearing your signature—not one of them having been honoured with publication; when the long hours and days of labour which you have expended upon your opera-writing have come back on you as so much waste of time; when the total sum you have received for anything has been a paltry *four pounds*—then your lot is indeed bitter.

And that is exactly the position of Franz Schubert at the close of the year 1818. That he complained but little; that he had the power to hope on; that he never thought of giving up what he felt he had come on earth to do speaks volumes for his sweet nature and simple faith.

His stay with the Esterházys was beneficial in many ways. They were, of course, refined; their friends were like them, a condition which was not without value where Schubert himself was concerned. Also the attractions of their beautiful home were enough to keep him pleasantly occupied and to prevent him from working himself to death.

There had been much quartet-singing—especially while Baron von Schönstein stayed at the castle. The Count sang bass, the Baron was a light baritone; the other two parts could be provided by the Countess and her two daughters. No doubt it was a pity that Schubert did not continue to reside with them, but we imagine that he preferred his own mode of life. However, it is pleasant to record that the new year—1819—saw at least partial recognition, in that Franz made his first appearance before the musical public of Vienna.

VII. PARTIAL RECOGNITION

(1819-1821).

It is within the power of no man to know when he is at his height; that must be left for history to say of him; but it is well within his power to take each sign of recognition (as it is accorded him) to be part of something which is not yet complete.

VII. PARTIAL RECOGNITION.

(1819-1821.)

It was on the last day of February, in 1819, that Franz made his first public appearance in Vienna: Jaeger sang "The Fisherman's Lament" at one of the Jäll concerts. Its success was considerable, and Schubert was called for to acknowledge the authorship of the song. This he did shyly and with a certain amount of awkwardness, but he was quite pleased about it. Public life to him was always something very new and very strange; he never had enough of it to become really accustomed to it. But it was a beginning, at all events, and some recognition was soon to be afforded him.

To begin with, his name was actually in the papers—for the first time. A press-notice of the concert appeared in a Leipzig paper which spoke of "Goethe's *Schäfers Klagelied* set to music by Herr Franz Schubert" as being "a touching composition of this young man," which was "sung by Herr Jaeger in a similar spirit."

In the early summer, Vogl, who had by now become absolutely devoted to Schubert and his music, made the

excellent suggestion that they should take a holiday together in Upper Austria and give a few concerts here and there to pay expenses. Schubert agreed readily enough: he was very fond of Vogl, and was grateful to him for the interest which he had always displayed in his songs. Added to which he recognised that Vogl was a great singer of *lieder*.

They began their tour by visiting Linz (of which Schubert writes rapturously) and proceeded to Salzburg, the birthplace of Mozart. After a concert there they moved on to Steyr, where they stayed with Dr. Schellmann, a successful lawyer and a great friend of Vogl.

We have a passing glimpse of the youth in Schubert at this time in the contents of a letter written to Ferdinand. When we think of his matured brain and of his enormous output while yet in his teens, it is quite refreshing to find that some of the schoolboy still remained in him.

"In the house where I am staying," he writes, "there are eight girls, nearly all of them pretty." He goes on to describe that he and Vogl "dine each evening with Herr von Koller, whose daughter is uncommonly pretty, plays the piano capitally and sings several of my songs."

Schubert had suffered so much in the way of privation that the least change of fortune assumed the proportions of wealth in his eyes. How comparative is wealth! Here he was (on a semi-professional tour with a vocalist) making a few pounds in fees at a very limited number of concerts, and in the highest spirits in consequence.

He must have even cheered up Mayrhofer by the enthu-

"Litany." (For All Souls' Day.)
"Peace to every soul in Heaven."

siasm he evinced in his letters—and Mayrhofer was not easily disturbed to ecstasy. It is a wonder his poems are as free from bitterness as they appear to be, for the good poet grumbled at everything.

But nothing disturbed the happiness of our Schubert at the moment. "If the world is as kind to you as it is to me, you are well and cheerful," is the burden of the letter he sent to his old friend, who, doubtless, was still scribbling away in the dingy room in Vienna. But it would have taken more than Mayrhofer—with all his grimness of manner—to sap the vitality of Schubert; indeed, the poet acknowledged the happiness of the time they spent together; they were days he never forgot.

We can imagine him smiling to himself at Schubert's exuberance. "We kept Vogl's birthday with a cantata" (he read), "the words by Stadler, the music by me. Everyone was thoroughly pleased."

While they were at Steyr, Schubert wrote the piano quintet in A major. He amazed his friends by transcribing the parts without reference to the score, which latter he had lent to someone to practise.

Vogl was particularly attracted by some of Schubert's music to Goethe's poems. "Why do you not send him some of your settings?" he enquired one evening. Of course, such a thing had never suggested itself to Franz, but he agreed that he might do worse than send two or three of them to Goethe. So he sat up late that night and copied out the "Erl-King" and "Ganymed."

But if either he or Vogl imagined for one moment that Goethe would be likely to acknowledge the genius of anyone but himself—unless, that is, the person was so established as to command attention—they were vastly mistaken. To begin with—although he fancied himself somewhat—Goethe had about as much appreciative power as a chimpanzee where good music was concerned. Even Mendelssohn, who frequently stayed with him and was really fond of him, was never in any doubt about his knowledge of music. Added to which, Goethe was so pleased with his own personal success as a poet and dramatist and so susceptible to the flattery that was showered upon him that he had little time to appreciate the fact that there were other geniuses in the world besides himself.

One is astonished that so fertile an imagination did not take him further than it apparently did. If you wanted to know Goethe in those days you needed to have a *von* before your surname and to keep up something of an establishment: if you could boast such things, he was pleased to know you; if not, he probably turned up his nose at you. Schubert was certainly beneath his notice: at any rate, in the whole of the correspondence between Goethe and Zeller (which fills six volumes) Schubert's name does not occur once. Moreover, he took not the slightest notice either of the letter which Schubert sent him or of the songs: he ignored both. It was not until after Schubert had been dead some considerable time that Madame Schroeder-Devrient made Goethe acknowledge that the "Erl-King"

was a fine setting of his words and that "Ganymed" was one of the greatest songs ever written.

Now had it been Beethoven who had sent him his settings it would have been a very different matter—but Beethoven was acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of the land. Goethe was quite pleased to be seen walking in one of the parks with the symphonist. It appealed to him as being something for the Viennese to see and admire: Germany's greatest poet and composer taking the air made an impressive spectacle, in his estimation.

One morning they were walking together—more or less in silence because it was practically hopeless to attempt conversation with Beethoven owing to his deafness—when Goethe became aware that some amount of recognition was being accorded them by those whom they passed. Beethoven occasionally returned the salutes—rather grudgingly, it must be admitted. Goethe, on the other hand, was all smiles: this sort of thing suited him. He returned the salutes with considerable flourish. At last, not noticing that Beethoven had been becoming more and more irritated, he made the mistake of remarking upon the subject.

"People seem to be acknowledging us," he ventured. Beethoven stopped dead. "I beg your pardon?" he said, with frigid politeness.

"I said," repeated Goethe, "that—er—people seem to be acknowledging us." "H'm," said Beethoven, stalking on again, "*me*, not you."

The compositions of 1820 show a great development in

Schubert. He seems to have given up experimenting and to have definitely formed his own ideas. After all, he was only twenty-three—not late in life to find one's feet. In February he began an oratorio called "Lazarus, or the Feast of the Resurrection." It was rather unexpected in a way: Schubert had never greatly admired oratorio. Neither does he seem to have mentioned the fact that he was writing one to any of his friends: he never completed the work, and it came as a matter of surprise to many when the manuscript was discovered. Although incomplete, the numbers which remain are enough to be of use when something short is required.

There are a number of small works dated for this year which are not of particular importance, but also some which are. Schubert set the Twenty-third Psalm for female voices and piano, seemingly for four sisters of the name of Fröhlich, who sang it, as well as some of his songs, at one of the weekly concerts at the Conservatoire.

The lovely "Quartettsatz" in C minor belongs also to this year: also the "Gesang der Geister" and the great pianoforte *fantasia* on "Der Wanderer." Besides these there were some antiphons written for Ferdinand, at that time "Regius Chori" at Altlerchenfeld. Of the foregoing we are inclined to consider the "Der Wanderer" *fantasia* by far the most important. It was written for Von Leibenberg. Some years afterwards Liszt came across it and promptly arranged it for solo pianoforte and orchestra, in which form it attained considerable popularity.

Schubert made a small success on the stage in this year. An operetta called "The Twin-brother" (*Die Zwillingsbrüder*) made quite a hit. It was produced at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre on June 14th. The critics damned it with faint praise, but it was received with acclamation for all that; and Franz was somewhat taken aback when the management sent him the libretto of the Magic Harp (*Die Zauberharfe*) to set for them. He went to work immediately, of course, and produced the complete score in a very short space of time. It was not a success—why, exactly, is not easy to say—but its performance on August 19th (a comparison of the dates will give an idea of the speed at which he must have written, especially as he copied the band-parts himself) left the audience cold and the work had to be withdrawn. The only part of it which has survived is the overture, now known as the "Rosamunde" Overture. The reason of the change of name is that it was used as an overture to "Rosamunde" the only two nights the production survived.

All this was very disappointing, but Schubert was not to be beaten. He began a third opera, called "Sakontala." It was a two-act affair with a perfectly appalling *libretto*. Even so, it was only after Von Schober and Vogl had spent some time in persuading him that the libretto would kill the whole production before the curtain had been up ten minutes that Franz gave up all idea of completing it.

Schubert's public was now getting gradually wider and his position in Vienna a trifle more assured. Up to now,

most of his larger works—the Masses, of course, excluded —had been performed by an amateur orchestra at the *Gundelhof*, a society which had more or less grown out of various quartet-parties that had met at his own home.

Vogl, ever jealous for Schubert's happiness, suddenly became really indignant because the publishers would not look at his songs. He had tried more than once to interest them in the "Erl-King," which he was singing upon every available occasion. At last he went to Diabelli and told him that he "must" come to the next concert at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. He all-but dragged the protesting publisher there, and proceeded to deliver the "Erl-king" with such a force of declamation that the audience literally roared its applause. Diabelli sent for Schubert and offered him abominable terms for permission to print the first seven opus-numbers, which were all songs.

Franz, of course, would agree to anything rather than argue: thus the contract was made and the songs issued. Vogl, incidentally, was not the only singer who had tried, for Schubert's sake, to find a home for the "Erl-king." Leopold Sonnleither and August von Gymnich had sung it with great success and had tried to find a publisher for it. But the publishers seemed to be unanimous in their decision regarding it. "Who is going to play it?" they said. Perhaps there was something to be said for the point of view. Eventually, however, Diabelli engraved it.

Sonnleither, by the way, was with Schubert at the Convict and had never lost sight of the "boy in spectacles"

since. His father had been in the habit of conducting series of semi-public musical evenings and, naturally, several songs by Schubert had been sung thereat. At one of these meetings (in February, 1821) it was announced that a proposal had been made to issue some of the songs by subscription, and offers were solicited. A hundred copies were subscribed for in almost as many seconds, so eager were the admirers of Schubert to possess copies of his songs for themselves. No less than twenty songs were issued in this manner.

It was an excellent move in that it had its effect upon the publishers: they professed themselves ready and willing to consider further songs, though the terms they offered were scarcely generous. But, as usual, Franz agreed to accept whatever they offered him. All that mattered to him was that he was out of debt and had enough for his modest needs at the moment.

On Ash Wednesday a concert entirely devoted to Schubert's compositions was given at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. The songs were excellently-well received, but the works for male voices missed the audience completely and were met by a storm of hostile criticism in the papers. Said one of them: "The eight-part chorus of Herr Schubert was recognised by the public as a farrago of all sorts of musical modulations and vague departures from ordinary forms—no sense, no order, no meaning."

It was irritating to Schubert, of course: stupid criticism always is; but he took it complacently and occupied himself

with his plans for the immediate future. And so we leave him at the end of 1821, full of hope and untiring in his energy. Little did he realise the bitter disappointments that were to come in the next three years. Even when they came he did not complain greatly—at least until the end, when hope had fled and he longed for release. Release at thirty-one! It seems early to think of it.

But at the moment, as we have said, he was ready for anything: he felt a deep sense of gratitude that his success—as he thought—had come so early. It never occurred to him to look at the piles of manuscript about him and sigh over them: he was in full sway of his genius and he intended to put forth greater efforts each succeeding day.

This kind of compressed existence was the breath of life to him: bed and work were all he needed. If a little conviviality chanced to be thrown in; if someone happened to sing one of his songs as he wished it to be sung; if a kind and appreciative word happened to be spoken in his hearing the whole world was not big enough for him. Failures could always be regarded as things of the past, the joy of expression as a thing of the present, and anything in the nature of a success could be hoped for in the future. To-morrow could always be looked forward to—even though, when it came, it was to-day; there was always still another to-morrow to come. Such was the philosophy of our shy Schubert.

VIII. SCHUBERT MEETS WEBER AND BEETHOVEN.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Olivia in "Twelfth Night."

VIII. SCHUBERT MEETS WEBER AND BEETHOVEN.

(1822.)

It seems that in 1821 Schubert was on the look-out for some sort of regular employment—what, exactly, is not certain; but he must have had some such idea in his mind because he obtained testimonials from Count Dietrichstein (who was Chief Controller of the Court Music and had known Franz since boyhood); from the Chief Court Secretary—a personage of considerable influence, named Edler von Mosel; and a third from the Directors of the Court Theatre, to which the signatures of both Weigl and Salieri were appended.

In our survey of the events of the year 1822 (in which Franz met his two great contemporaries, Weber and Beethoven) we have thought it best to record all that is known of his relations with both of them during both 1822 and 1823 in this chapter. Similarly, in Chapter X (which, unfortunately, has to be devoted to a chronicle of considerable unhappiness and disappointment), we shall review 1822-1824 from that point of view only. So that the

two chapters, taken together, will embrace Schubert's entire activities—as far as they are known—over the period of these three dark years of his life. Chapter IX will be quite apart and devoted to an untechnical study of the ever-popular "Unfinished Symphony," which, of course, belongs to the year 1822.

Early in this year Weber came over to Vienna to arrange a production of "Euryanthe" at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. He had produced "Der Freischütz" there the previous October and it had been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Schubert had witnessed the performance and had admired, with his usual frankness, much of the writing in it. Weber had considerable difficulty at the rehearsals in Dresden (where the work was originally produced), and there had been moments when his friends feared the worst. But it took a good deal to upset Weber at a rehearsal; he calmly went on writing his piano "Concertstück in F minor" at home between the rehearsals of which there were, naturally, a good many. At Vienna things had gone more or less smoothly—excepting when the spectres contrived to cause more amusement than thrill; but Weber managed to get them to "thrill" in good time for the production, and the work created a deep impression.

So that he had some amount of useful precedent. But "Euryanthe" was another proposition altogether: Weber had already warned the management that the new opera would be of a very different character. But people loved thrills: the management pointed this out. Weber replied

that it was ridiculous to do nothing but "thrill" all the days of one's life, and that if they only waited patiently he would give them something else quite as good. He omitted, however, to say that his *libretto* was not nearly as good, and trusted to luck that his music would carry everything before it. The story of "Euryanthe" is that of a legend of the 13th century; but Wilhelmine von Chezy had made a sorry tale of it: her stage-sense was scarcely her strong point. However, Weber contrived to persuade the management that all would be well.

While in the theatre one day he was introduced to Schubert and appears to have made himself exceedingly agreeable. Weber knew very little about Schubert and perhaps still less about his works: so that he found himself rather at a loss. Schubert, on the other hand, could discuss Weber's works with some amount of knowledge, which he did with characteristic enthusiasm: to return the compliment was more than Weber could very well do. However, the two seem to have treated each other with cordiality.

The production of "Euryanthe" was arranged for October 25th, 1823. Weber would have preferred an earlier date, but the management pointed out that it was perfectly hopeless to produce anything in Vienna until October: everyone was away, to begin with; in addition to which the heat prevented people from going to the theatres with any regularity. And, as the cost of production was not light, the management was anxious to have the house full.

So Weber left it until the last week in September before he actually began to put the opera into rehearsal. For the best part of a month there was great excitement in the town over the coming production. Tunes were hummed—correctly and otherwise—by those taking part in the chorus; various ideas were given as to what the scenery would probably be; it got abroad that Weber intended to have the curtain drawn up during the overture to exhibit a *tableau vivant*—a direction now rarely carried out; and the scene of this *tableau* (a sepulchral vault) was thoroughly discussed. All this, of course, was excellent from the point of view of the management: everyone seemed to know what was in store for him and the seats were well booked beforehand.

Things went about as wrong as they could do on the occasion of the first dress rehearsal, and much had to be altered at the last moment. Weber worked like a Trojan and utterly tired himself out. On the night of the actual production he had not an easy moment, and it was perhaps a little unfortunate that he collided with Schubert in one of the corridors half-an-hour after the curtain had gone down.

"Well," said Weber. "What did you think of it?"

"Not so fresh as 'Der Freischütz,'" said Schubert. "I liked that much better."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Weber, a little irritably: he was tired and hungry.

"Nothing original in the melodies," said Franz rather bluntly, but with quite an honest intention. "The

harmonies," he continued, unwisely, "are good enough, but the melodies are not so fine as some you have written before."

In a sense Schubert was right, of course: the melodies in "Der Freischütz" are decidedly superior to those in "Euryanthe," but it was hardly politic to have said so just then.

Weber grunted and left him. But the criticism rankled: it may have been that he realised that there was a spark of truth in what Schubert had said. "Let the fool learn something himself before he criticises me," he said, later, when discussing the passage-at-arms with a friend over the supper-table. But Franz had not meant to give any offence whatever. He had been asked what he thought of it and had said what he thought of it: that was all. He had meant no harm and he liked Weber.

The next day Franz called on him. It was perhaps a little indiscreet to take a score of his own "Alfonso und Estrella" (just written) with him to show to Weber, who, by the way, was tired out and had a sick headache. Schubert put the score down on the table.

"What's this?" asked Weber. Schubert explained and together they looked at the manuscript.

"Opus one," said Weber to himself, showing how little he knew of Franz and of his prolific output.

Then they discussed the score of "Euryanthe." Franz stuck to his point. This suddenly infuriated Weber: it was rare that he lost his temper, but he did so on this

occasion. "First puppies and first operas are always drowned," he said, ungenerously.

Franz accepted the snub in very good part: he saw that he had gone too far and that Weber was not himself. He never bore malice over it, and it is pleasing to record that Weber subsequently made an attempt to get "Alfonso" staged in Dresden.

Up to this time, Schubert and Beethoven had only exchanged a few words. It was tragically true that one could only exchange "a few words" with Beethoven at any time: his appalling deafness, which had become worse latterly, made it impossible to talk to him for long. The great Master was slowly shrinking within himself: all he ever heard was the music in his own brain; there was very little outside that he could hear—certainly no musical performance.

The reason for their not having met appears to be that they lived in different parts of Vienna: perhaps the discrepancy in the matter of their ages had something to do with it. Also Beethoven was very much occupied at the moment. What time was left to him after dealing with the various law-suits into which his nephew had dragged him had been devoted to the composition of some of the longer pianoforte sonatas which he was endeavouring to finish as well as the Mass in D major.

The law-suits had worried him a good deal: they were for the guardianship of his brother's child, an utterly worthless lad who had fallen into the hands of the police

Facsimile of the Manuscript of "Hark, Hark the Lark."

for attempted suicide. Added to this, Beethoven was always inaccessible at any time, which, of course, Schubert never was.

So that it is not difficult to account for the fact that Schubert, thus far, had had very little to do with his great contemporary. But he idolised his Beethoven: who could do anything after Beethoven? He would sometimes go to the same restaurant and conceal himself in such a position as to be able to watch and worship his idol from afar. But to be familiar with him, to know him intimately, was more than had ever entered Schubert's head. Gods of Olympus were to worship, not to fraternise with: it would never do to go too frequently into the great presence.

It was Schindler who first suggested that the two should meet. Schubert protested at once.

"Well," said Schindler, "you have dedicated your variations on that French air to him: why don't you take him a copy?"

Yes; it might be a good idea: Schubert promised to think it over. But it was some days before he could make up his mind to tell Schindler that he was quite ready to take the variations to Beethoven when a meeting could be arranged.

"No need to arrange anything," said the imperturbable Schindler. "We will go round to-night and see if he is at home." They went round—and he was at home. And, seemingly, quite pleased to see them. He smiled genially as he rose to greet Schubert. He must have thought

Franz an unusually high-coloured young man: the latter's face was scarlet with sheer nervousness.

Schubert muttered something about the Variations, and Beethoven handed him a sheet of paper and a pencil for him to write down anything he wished to say. That had, unfortunately, become his practice long since, for he could hear nothing unless it were loud enough to be heard in the street. Schubert's tender heart thumped fit to choke him as he realised the state of affairs with his idol. He took up the pencil, but his hand trembled so violently that he could not write a word.

Schindler came to the rescue by pointing to the copy of the Variations. Franz laid it before Beethoven, who was quick to notice its dedication from his "worshipper and admirer." He turned over the leaves and pointed to some passages which attracted his attention, probably with the intention of remarking upon them. But he never got as far as that.

Schubert was by now so overcome with nervousness that he simply fled from the room: it was not until he had almost reached home that he regained his self-possession. What Schindler said we do not know: he probably made Beethoven understand something of Schubert's shy nature. At any rate Beethoven kept the Variations, which he liked immensely: he frequently played them—they were for piano duet—with his nephew.

They met more frequently after this, and Beethoven was always most cordial towards Schubert: he even went

so far as to look at various manuscripts Franz occasionally brought him. Sometimes they had their evening meals together, but owing to Beethoven's deafness, conversation was very difficult to sustain. Indeed, after Beethoven's death—which occurred a year before his own—Schubert declared that he could clearly remember, word for word, everything that Beethoven had ever said to him.

There is no doubt that, had both men lived a little longer, Beethoven would have done much for Schubert. As will be described hereafter, he fully recognised Schubert's genius even though only upon his deathbed, when it was too late to do anything for him of a practical nature.

The story of their meeting brings out still more clearly the true, unaffected spirit of Schubert. He was so completely without conceit or arrogance, so utterly devoid of anything but the most transparent honesty, that he worshipped where he could only worship and criticised where he felt criticism was needed. Hence his very different attitude towards Weber and Beethoven respectively.

Perhaps it is the hall-mark of true genius—this ability to recognise one's own power exactly as it stands and not to fail to recognise it in others. Talented men have frequently missed the talents of those around them—history has many instances to show; but true genius has rarely failed to recognise itself. It seems as though it is a case of an elementary power of scent which quickly detects a similar instinct in someone else.

Bach recognised it in Handel (with whom, to his lasting regret, he never became acquainted); Mozart recognised it in Beethoven, when, as a mere lad, he improvised before him; Haydn saw it in Mozart; Mendelssohn and Schumann saw it in Chopin, and, even though Chopin never really liked Schumann's music, he appreciated the genius in him; Liszt and Rubinstein recognised it in each other to such an extent that they were inseparable for some time. And as for Liszt's adoration for Wagner, it would take—it has already taken—volumes to record it.

These men seem to have realised that one of the greatest happinesses in life is to have an understanding friend. The freemasonry which existed amongst them was born of the Art to which they sacrificed every moment, every thought, every hope and every aspiration of their entire existence. If they talked "shop" whenever they met, it was the best thing they could have done. To talk "shop" with someone whose "shop" is of the same kind as your own is good for you and excellent for the "shop": it is only when birds who are not quite of a feather flock together that some one or other of them finds himself at a loss. Art is so catholic—so cosmic—that enough can never be said about it. He who would say that last word upon Art must have heard everything else that has been said; if it were possible for that to happen (and for a record to be made of it) it would be another case of the world not being able to contain the books that should be written.

IX. THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

'Twas Unfinished, 'tis true; but had he penned it to the final cadence it would still have been unfinished: for nothing is complete in Art.

IX. THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

(1822.)

THE "Unfinished Symphony" was begun in 1822. Much has been written—especially in annotated programmes at concerts where the work has been performed—conjecturing why Schubert left the B minor Symphony incomplete. Men who (one would imagine) have at least ordinary critical sense have wasted much time, ink, and energy in trying to prove that Schubert said all that it was necessary to say upon the themes he enunciated in the only two movements which exist. As for the general public, it has often been thought in a vague sort of fashion that Schubert died before he had the chance to write either the "Scherzo" or the "Finale."

Nothing is further from the actual truth. The whole matter is capable of the simplest and, it may be added, the most characteristic explanation. *Schubert forgot all about it.*

Most composers who have reached the height of symphony-writing could scarcely forget that they had begun one: the situation is unthinkable. But not so with Schubert.

He wrote symphonies and quartets more easily than he wrote his letters. The truth of the matter is that there was a Musical Society at Gratz, the conductor of which asked Schubert if he would care to write a symphony for performance at one of their concerts. There was nothing extraordinary in that: if anybody knew Schubert and wanted a work for some special purpose all they had to do was to ask for it.

But it so happened in this particular instance that Schubert and Von Schober had decided to take a short holiday together in the Styrian Mountains. Had this not been so there is not a shadow of doubt that the B minor Symphony would have been completed and handed over to the conductor of the Gratz Society, as had everything else for which Schubert had been asked in the past.

But the holiday was the concern of the moment, and he and Von Schober packed their cases and departed from Vienna as soon as an opportunity occurred. On arrival at their destination Von Schober asked Schubert if he had brought any work with him to do. Franz told him that he had received a request for a new symphony and that he had come prepared to write it and anything else which might suggest itself.

A few days of roaming about the mountains was enough for Schubert: he had inhaled sufficient strong mountain-air to set up the desire to write. He confided in Von Schober, half expecting him to suggest that he should leave work severely alone for a few days longer. Instead

"The Unfinished Symphony."

(The Greek words *Symphonia amneste* mean the "Forgotten Symphony.")

of which Von Schober thought for a moment and then said "let us do an opera together."

Nothing could be pleasanter. So they spent their time in going for picnics and working out their ideas. The result was "Alfonso und Estrella," of which mention has already been made in connection with Weber. The writing of it gave Schubert considerable pleasure: it also made him feel quite inclined to "compose something": a little preliminary exercise in that way always made him want to express himself.

Then he suddenly thought of the people at Gratz. Von Schober was busy with some work of his own at the time and thus was quite pleased to continue the picnics. So Franz took an extra large quantity of manuscript-paper with him and began on what he hoped would be his greatest symphony. (It is doubtful if such a term ever occurred to him literally, but we mean to convey that he intended to surpass himself if he could.)

There must have been something in the key which set him going: keys often mean a great deal to those who compose—just when they least expect it. We imagine that this must be so for (strangely enough) Schubert had not expressed himself definitely in B minor up to this time. It may be quite an erroneous idea of ours; but with the memory of assiduous study of all the works—both great and small—which Schubert wrote, we cannot recall any particularly definite or lengthy expression in that key.

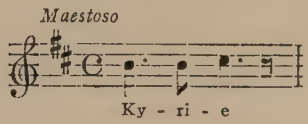
In the "Unfinished Symphony" the first thing which strikes the brain of the intelligent listener is the pitch of the opening bars. There is something about the whole of the first movement which seems to say: "B minor; it must always be *B* minor: you must never transpose me or use a pitch which would make me sound as though I had been written in flats. B *flat* minor might suit Chopin, but it takes all the breath out of me. Neither must you screw me up into C minor: I have no desire to insult Beethoven's Fifth. It must always be—just B minor."

There is something odd about the key of B minor. Not many men have gone very far in it. But when they have, they have been caught and held within its grip. Perhaps the Sirens sang in B minor as Odysseus' ship passed their lair in the Straits of Messina; perhaps Orpheus used the key when he out-sang the Sirens and made them hurl themselves into the sea to be changed into rocks: we cannot say; but there is something about this key which has kept men from writing in it. Considering that it contains but two sharps, and is the relative minor to the commonest key in the whole gamut—for such we can safely suggest D major to be—it is very strange that it has not been used more than it has.

When we think of all the music which has been written in every other key—except the most extraneous—it comes as a matter of amazement that only *four* masterpieces have been written in this simple key of B minor.

Bach led off in it in his mighty Mass: it was his greatest

work—it remains *the* greatest work. And B minor was its name. He opened it with a cry which seemed to come from the four corners of the earth:—



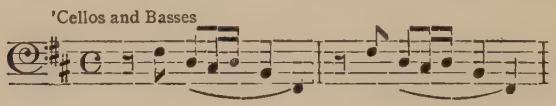
it cried: *Kyrie, Kyrie eleison—Lord have mercy upon us!* That opening is the greatest uplift ever known: no key but B minor could ever have recorded such a cry.
And then

follows, taken up by voice after voice, tossed up and down, breathed and roared alternately until one knows that there is only one pitch in heaven and that there ought only to be one on earth. That theme has epitomised all the key can ever mean: it has established tonality: it has proved for all time that Military Bands, with their atrocious sharpness, originally came from hell and will probably all go back there at the Day of Judgment.

But Schubert had never heard the Song of Songs and so knew nothing of what had been done before him; but, had he lived a little longer—even only two years longer—he might have heard another thought wedded to the key of B minor.

He might even have stood with Mendelssohn at the mouth of Fingal's Cave, on the lonely island of Staffa in the Inner Hebrides, and have listened to the sound of the wind and the waves. He would have heard the music of the cave and realised, as did Mendelssohn, that the Gaelic name for the place was a wise one in that it means the Cave of Music. One wonders whether the music would have struck the two men similarly: one may be forgiven for thinking that, however different the themes, the key would have been the same —B minor.

Mendelssohn said he distinctly heard the waves say:



on a bright August morning when the breeze made the white horses out at sea gallop their hardest. And yet—although he wrote so much, there is no other work of Mendelssohn of any importance which is in this key. The "Italian Symphony" is in A; the "Scotch" in A minor; the piano "Concerti" respectively in G and D minor; the "Violin Concerto" in E minor: there is nothing in "St. Paul" of any note in the key; nothing at all in the "Lobgesang"; nothing in "Elijah," excepting a few bars in "Hear ye, Israel"; and, even then, the modulations are strong and the song ends in B major.

But in the "Hebrides Overture," Mendelssohn said everything he ever found to say in the key. The waves

thunder against the rocks in it; the wind howls and shrieks in it—in one place the whole chord of B minor is blasted out on trumpets and trombones as though nothing else in the wide world mattered: it dies away to a mere breath—but there is no thought of employing a sharpened D to make finality in B major: it began—and it ends, in B minor.

Strangely enough, it was many years before anyone said anything definite in that key. Handel had left it severely alone: "The Messiah" contains one isolated song in it—"The People that walked in Darkness"; but there is nothing else.

Haydn wrote one hundred and four symphonies, seventy-six quartets, sixty-eight trios, and fifty-four sonatas, and, as far as we are aware, none of them is in B minor: even if there are, the work (or works) are not outstanding. There is nothing in "The Creation" nor yet in "The Seasons."

Beethoven—the master of modulation—avoided it as though it had the plague. He wrote nine symphonies, but there is not a movement in B minor. In his second symphony—which is in D major—surely he had an opportunity; but, with the exception of one short passage in the second section of the Trio, he avoids the key altogether. When he wants to develop his themes he prefers to use D minor. He wrote ten sonatas for violin and piano; but there is nothing in B minor. He wrote thirty-two piano sonatas—two in D major—but no movement appears in the key of B minor.

There is nothing of importance in Mozart, nor yet in Schumann. Even Chopin had nothing to say in it, with the exception of one *Etude* and one *Prelude* (which were bound to be, as in the case of Bach's " Preludes and Fugues," because he sought to represent all the keys, or at all events, most of them), a posthumous *Valse* and a couple of *Mazurkas*.

Had you asked him to show you something in A flat major he would have pointed to a *Polonaise*, and *Impromptu*, two of his loveliest *Etudes*, and a couple of brilliant *Valses*. Had you even enquired for something in B *flat* minor he would have shown you the *Funeral March Sonata* and one of his best *Scherzi*. But an enquiry for anything in *B* minor would have meant accepting those we have already mentioned, of which the most definite is the Prelude—a mere twenty-six bars. Chopin would have apologised for the fact that there are no Ballades, no Polonaises, no Rondos, no Scherzos, no Nocturnes, and no Impromptus in that key.

You would simply have had to wait until 1893 for Tschaikovski to write the " Pathetic Symphony." He began it by a long, gloomy, sinister passage in B minor, every bar of it giving away the whole situation: Tschaikovski was a dying man. But he bravely brushes away the tears in the " five-four " movement—he uses D major for the purpose—he flashes out in magnificent style in the G major march; but his flags fly only until sunset—they are taken down when the dusk comes on and the night-wind blows chill. He returns to B minor for his Swan-song: for him, life was going —and he knew it. In his last pages, hope utterly gone and

the darkness impenetrable, he never leaves B minor for an instant: it seems as though he tore the very soul out of the key for all time, and that no one need ever write in it again.

All this may be imagination upon our part; but there is no getting away from facts: there is something peculiar about this key, and it is perfectly true that, out of all the masses of music extant, there are only these four notable masterpieces written in it.

Schubert intended to hand over the two movements to the Gratz Society immediately upon his return to Vienna, and to suggest that they should wait a little for the other two movements to follow. But he was so occupied with the idea of a new opera that he placed something on the top of the symphony and promptly forgot its existence until reminded by the conductor of his promise. Schubert then handed over the MSS. of the two movements, and returned to the opera. Had the Gratz people but given him a further reminder a month or two later, all might have been well and the symphony might have had a *Scherzo*, and a brilliant *finale* in B major. But they knew that he was busy on other work and did not like to press him.

It seems quite a little tragedy: the one work by which he is known to *everyone*—the C major symphony does not signify with any but musicians and intelligent amateurs—should have been left incomplete.

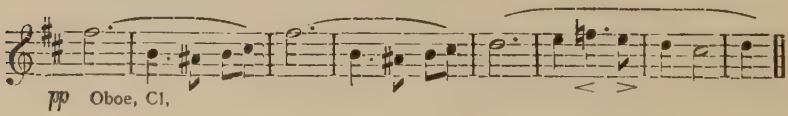
We are unable to persuade ourselves that Schubert was in the front rank as a writer of symphony: such a view would be mere enthusiasm for the subject of our biography;

but it is impossible to ignore the position which this and the C major hold in the world of music.

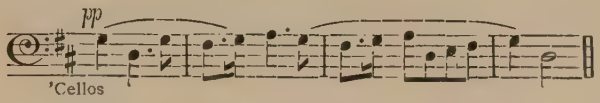
The " Unfinished Symphony " is pure Schubert in every bar: there is not a breath of suspicion that he allowed himself to be influenced by anything that he had ever heard. The ideas came quickly and the construction of the first movement is direct and simple.

What a dignified opening it is! It steals in so quietly and unobtrusively that some of it happens before you can realise it! There is an atmosphere about those eight bars which breathes complete fluency: they lead you to expect that something arresting is to follow. But he makes you wait for it. Not that you are to be treated to one of those very obvious introductions with which he sullied some of his earlier efforts: all you are asked to do is to sit still for a few seconds and hear the violins creep in with

which they play twice before letting you into the real secret. Two oboes and two clarinets tell you the story thus:



the previous sentence running underneath as an accompaniment. It all repeats, of course, just enough for your pleasure: it is a perfect piece of timing; and when you arrive at



you feel that there is nothing in the world quite like Schubert (when he writes in this vein), and also that second subjects in sonata-form were not invented for nothing. What a tune it is! It has held the hearts of thousands.

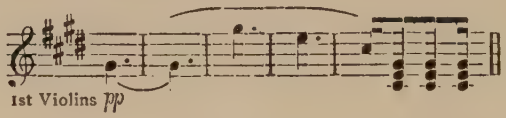
And so the movement goes on: both themes are held up to your examination; both are tastefully arrayed in artistic colours as they are unfolded in development before you.

As the *Andante* opens you are never quite sure whether

or

takes your fancy most. It is not until you have heard

a few times over that you recognise that Schubert intended you to have three separate interests in his first theme. And is there anything in the world more likely to cause you to wonder what is coming than the utter solemnity of



which leads you into the real second subject, enunciated by a solo clarinet?

That theme is a perfect piece of clarinet-writing.

Pure lyricism throughout, the "Unfinished Symphony" is one long song without words, full of ear-haunting tunes and superb modulations. In the whole history of symphonic music there is nothing quite like it. And yet it passed from his mind as though it had never been: he never heard a bar of it. It is the "Forgotten Symphony."

X. FURTHER DISAPPOINTMENTS

(1822-1824).

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming
The clouds, methought, would open and shew riches
Ready to drop on me; that when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.

Caliban in "The Tempest."

X. FURTHER DISAPPOINTMENTS.

(1822-1824.)

THE productions of "Die Zwillingsbrüder" and "Die Zauberharfe" had set Schubert aflame once more for the stage. The fact that neither had been anything but failures —for no one (with however strong an imagination) could have called them successes—did not trouble him in the least: a few hundred more sheets of closely-written MSS. would not signify one way or the other: he was quite willing to face the hours of labour which the writing of them would entail.

It will be remembered that Von Schober suggested the idea of "Alfonso und Estrella" on the holiday in the Styrian Mountains. Schubert merely waited for the first sheets of the *libretto* to be written—they had decided upon the plot together—and commenced work immediately. Of course he was not to know that the work would not be performed until twenty-six years after his death: he could scarcely be expected to know that. But it was a pity that he did not realise that there was no continuity in Von Schober's part. Not that such a defect would be likely to strike him very

forcibly at any time: the lyrical mind does not realise these things. He never saw that, despite the beauty of his music, the opera was doomed from the very first.

So he occupied his time very pleasantly with his friend; they enjoyed their picnics and mountain walks together, and much of the work was done in this way.

In September, Franz suddenly took it into his head to finish the Mass in A flat. As he said, it had been knocking about in his room ever since November, 1819, and it was high time it was completed. So he wrote the remaining movements and began on "Rosamunde." We have already pointed out Wilhelmine von Chezy's shortcomings as a librettist, both in connection with this operatic play and also with Weber's "Euryanthe." Several attempts have since been made to remedy the defects in both works; but as neither Weber nor Schubert were present to re-arrange the music to suit the alterations (which needed to be quite drastic) nothing very substantial has come of it. "Rosamunde" was withdrawn after two nights; but the music was recognised at its true worth, a recognition which has been extended to it ever since. Who does not know the *Ballet-musique* to "Rosamunde"?

As for "Alfonso und Estrella," no management would consider it. Then another *libretto* came along, called "Fierrabras." It was an opera in three acts and of ambitious proportions. Schubert simply hurled the notes down: his blood was up and his disappointments only made him the more determined. Down it went at an amazing speed; page

after page of it—there were over a thousand of them in all —appeared in a few weeks. The result was colossal. But the days of Wagner were not yet, and managements were not used to operas conceived upon such a scale. "Alfonso" was also very difficult. Franz declared he could get it performed well enough if only he were given the chance. The glow of that night of "Rosamunde"—when the audience had nearly unbalanced him by "encoring" the Overture—had burnt into his very soul: he longed for it all over again.

So he summoned all his courage and took his "Fierrabras" under his arm, and actually dared to approach a management with it. But they pointed out its difficulties and nothing that he could say would persuade them even to give it a rehearsal. There was nothing for it: all he could do was to take it home again and lay it on top of "Alfonso" and "Rosamunde." And there it remained until Grove and Sullivan discovered it in 1867. His disappointment was pathetic to witness. Not only was the refusal hard to bear upon its own account, but the strain—even though he had not realised it at the time—had been terrific: he knew that something had gone out of him which would take replacing. He was in hospital for some time, suffering from a kind of nervous blood-rush.

But he recovered in a few weeks. It was, all the same, unfortunate that still another *libretto* came his way because he seemed quite unable to refrain from setting anything his hand touched. "Die Verschworenen" seemed quite an attractive comedy, so he began on it and wrote harder than

ever. Then he took it to the theatre. The management was not at all unsympathetic towards it and, to his joy, it was kept for further consideration. Then the Censor read it, and that finished its career. It was altered and called "Der häusliche Krieg," but all to no purpose. So that, also, was laid to rest with its forefathers.

Schubert was by now thoroughly wretched, and his usual buoyancy of spirit quite forsook him. His letters—there are not many from which to choose—give an idea of his sufferings.

"Think," he writes, "of a man whose health can never be restored, and who (from sheer despair) makes matters worse instead of better. Think, I say, of a man whose brightest hopes have come to naught, to whom love and friendship are mere torture, and whose very enthusiasm for the beautiful is fast vanishing—and ask yourself if such a man is not truly unhappy."

"Every night I go to sleep," he continues, "hoping I shall never wake again; every morning only brings back the torment of the day before. My musical works are the product of my genius (this is the only time, as far as we are aware, that he used the word *genius* of himself) and my misery: what the public most relishes gives me the greatest anguish."

Could anything be more pathetic? Had he been, like Mayrhofer, sad and contemplative by nature, one's heart would still have gone out to him in such torture of mind; but it is all the more moving to read of his utter dejection when

one sees the boyish spirit gradually being broken up by sheer want of success in that to which he had devoted every waking moment of his life.

In the spring of 1824 he wrote the great Octet. But he was feeling far from well, and was still very depressed. The failure of "Fierrabras" was the real reason of his misery: had that succeeded he would have faced the rest. He had set his mind on it, and the failure, even to "try it out," was the most bitter of all.

But an invitation came from Count Esterházy for him to join them all again at Zelesz for the summer: he was, of course, to continue his former duties. We suppose that we are expected, at this juncture, to draw a vivid picture of his hopeless passion for Caroline Esterházy, now an attractive young maiden of seventeen; for this is what most of his biographers have done. We propose to do nothing of the kind, however, for the simple reason that we are not satisfied that the story is true. That Franz was extremely fond of Caroline Esterházy is perfectly true: she certainly did on one occasion gently upbraid him for not having dedicated any of his works to her, and there is little reason to doubt that he actually replied to the effect that he dedicated all his works to her. But the details by which the story has generally been illustrated are inaccurate, and the song (*l'Addio*) which has usually been placed as a sort of dramatic climax to it is undoubtedly spurious.

But Caroline was a good friend and spent much of her time with him; in her society he found much comfort. That he

partially recovered his spirits (though perhaps not his health) lies evident in the fact that he soon began writing again. Whether or not he tried to break his own record we are not prepared to say; but it looks rather like it because, one morning at breakfast, being handed a poem of considerable length by the Countess with a request that he should set it as a vocal quartet " for family use," he took the book and returned during the late afternoon with the poem set. As there are 209 bars of it, this seems a fairly good effort. (*Gebet, Op.* 139.)

The Countess was delighted. She and Marie sang the upper parts; Baron von Schönstein and the Count took the lower ones; Franz played, and Caroline turned over the leaves for him. So that his disappointments were forgotten for the time being in the friendship of this homely family.

But his misery had been very great. We do not suppose that, had he known it, the fact that others had suffered (and were to suffer) would have made his burden any lighter to bear. Knowledge of that kind rarely offers comfort.

Most of the composers seem to have suffered from various causes: if it was not one it seems to have been another. Mendelssohn, perhaps, was one of the very few exceptions: but his happiness was short-lived, for he died at thirty-eight. Bach and Handel were both blind at the end (they were, as it happened, both operated upon by the same surgeon); Beethoven was totally deaf; Mozart and Berlioz contracted unhappy unions and suffered agonies in consequence;

Schumann and Tschaikovski attempted to take their own lives, the former dying quite insane.

It would therefore seem that if the way of Art is the undefilèd way it is also frequently not the way of peace.

And yet the misfortune to suffer deeply has always had its counterpart in the fortune to enjoy deeply also. The law of compensation is the one law of God which He permits to be enforced in us more than any other—save that of heredity alone. Æschylus was right when he said *Pathe mathos*: "suffering teacheth."

XI. COMPENSATION

(1825).

Life is full of it,
Did we but know;
Otherwise the Tide of Life
Must cease to ebb and flow.

XI. COMPENSATION.

(1825.)

It is scarcely necessary to insist that up to this, Schubert's twenty-ninth year, the stress of poverty had been very acute. We have already mentioned how careful his friends had to be when offering their help: it was little less than a matter of advanced technique in the gentle art of giving to effect assistance without hurting his feelings.

Vogl, as usual, was generosity itself. There was something fascinating about this hulk of a man. He had a voice which would shake the very windows when he chose to let it go at its full power—and yet he could sink it to a whisper.

He was well over six feet—he towered above Schubert when they stood together—and his open countenance with its heavy square jaw, magnificent fiery eyes and acquiline nose, gave a very fair indication of his generous nature. His devotion to Schubert was one of the greatest passions of his whole life: everything was for Schubert.

Vogl would curse loud and long at the very thought of the meagre reception his friend had had with the Viennese public and (more especially) with the publishers. The latter,

we may add, knew exactly what he thought of them: he had spared no pains to tell them in the plainest language at his command.

Schubert, as we have seen, published little enough in his lifetime; but he would not have accomplished a third of what he did in that respect had it not been for Vogl who, periodically, would take a sheaf of manuscripts he had chosen from the latest batch and literally roar them at the publishers. It became quite a joke with some of them; but they always listened with respect because Vogl had a great following in Vienna. Consequently, it did not do for a publisher to offend him merely upon business grounds, apart from which the procedure was attended with the risk of a certain amount of plain speech: Vogl was loved, but not a little feared. As a matter of fact, he was very much a personality in Vienna. He had the power to enter anywhere. He appeared at every fashionable At Home; no house-party was complete unless he was there to sing. Most of the bigger concert-givers employed him as their chief artist: frequently he appeared in opera.

So, altogether, there was some compensation in this year 1825, and things began to improve for our Schubert. As may be imagined, it was with the greatest enthusiasm that he welcomed Vogl's suggestion that they should go into Upper Austria for a prolonged holiday tour. "We shall get plenty to do," Vogl told him; "and you can write me some more songs."

It all seemed very pleasant, so off they started in the highest spirits on the last day of March. Their first stop was

The man who popularised the "Erl-King":
John Michael Vogl.

(After Moritz von Schwind.)

Steyr, where they knew a welcome awaited them. Schubert played and Vogl sang whenever an opportunity afforded itself. Franz had improved his technique somewhat of late—not before it was needed, we might add—and delighted his audiences with some of his smaller piano works—particularly those of an *impromptu* nature.

Vogl sang the "Erl-King" at nearly every concert they gave. Schubert played it extraordinarily well, considering that his wrists were not really in proper condition for *virtuoso* performance. All the same, it needed all his powers to do justice to his own creation; for Vogl took it at a break-neck speed and with a fire which astonished his hearers.

The next move in the tour was to Linz, the scenery of which charming place had impressed Schubert so deeply on the previous visit. While he was there someone gave him a copy of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." One look at those lyrics was enough; a pen was busy immediately. He turned them out almost at record speed—three in one afternoon is fairly good, even for him—and on his return to Vienna he took them to Artaria, the publisher. Vogl went with him and sang them, determined to say something rather definite if they were refused. But Artaria realised the value of the songs at once, and offered Schubert the equivalent of twenty pounds for permission to publish them.

Twenty pounds! He had never seen so much money as twenty pounds in his life. He could scarcely contain himself as he signed the contract for the publication rights.

But to return to the tour. Schubert found opportunity

to indulge in a little piano-practice, especially while they remained in Steyr. Dr. Schellmann had an excellent instrument in his drawing-room, and Franz was offered unlimited use of it. So, for once in a way, he wrote quite leisurely and took some time to complete his piano sonata in A minor.

The friends continued their tour (through Gmunden) to Salzburg. The people of the latter town had never forgotten that the mighty Mozart had been born in their midst, and there is good evidence that they made it their business to appreciate music in consequence. Furthermore, as Vogl had several friends in Salzburg and district, their stay proved to be a very pleasant one.

"My new songs from Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,'" wrote Schubert at this time, "have been successful. People were greatly astonished at the devotion I have thrown into 'Ave Maria': it seems to have seized and impressed everybody. I think the reason of this is that I never force myself into devotion, nor do I compose hymns or prayers unless overpowered by the feeling: that alone is real, true devotion." In another letter from Salzburg he says: "We produced our seven pieces before a select circle and all were very much impressed, especially by the 'Ave Maria' which I mentioned in my former letter."

The next stop was Gastein. By this time Schubert was feeling much better in health than he had done for some time past. His letters of this period are full of delighted expressions of the good time he was having with "Vogl and music." But letter-writing always seemed to trouble him:

his epistles are extraordinarily trite and laboured. He said it was "appalling" to have to write about everything he saw, yet he seemed to regard it more or less as his duty so to do.

The improvement in health had the usual result: something big must be written at once. It must be a symphony. So he began upon a symphony in C. This is the "Gastein" Symphony, of which not the slightest trace has been left. At the time of writing a reward of £200 is offered by the Gramophone Company for the recovery of the lost manuscript. We sincerely trust that it will be found, though we doubt if that will prove to be the case as there is little reason to believe, in our opinion, that the symphony was ever written at all. We know that he thought it out and that he intended to go on with it: beyond that nothing is certain. There has been much discussion about this symphony from time to time: we offer no opinion here because the facts of the matter are so obscure as to render any light which we can shed upon it of very doubtful brilliance.

A few other places were visited on the tour and then, so far as Schubert was concerned, it came to a close. Vogl had not been feeling quite himself (he imagined most of his complaints, but perhaps there was some truth in his statements at the moment); so he and Schubert parted, he to go to Italy for a while and Schubert to return to Vienna.

Almost immediately upon his arrival Salieri died. Schubert received the news with sincere sorrow. They had been estranged for some time, it is true; but Schubert had

never quite forgotten his old master and had always looked upon him with respect. Salieri worked almost up to the end —he was nearly seventy-five—although he had retired from office upon full salary the previous year. The scandal about him and Mozart's death was by now quite forgotten and his death occasioned sincere regret in the musical circles of Vienna.

The appointment of *Kapellmeister* was not yet filled because there had been some sort of hope that Salieri would return—at least for a while—should his health permit. Eybler was now appointed to the position, and that of deputy-*Kapellmeister* fell vacant in consequence.

Schubert applied for this, but was refused, no definite reason being given, or even rumoured.

Strangely enough, almost the same week, Krebs resigned his position as conductor of the opera at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. Schubert communicated with Vogl at once and asked his opinion of his chances. Vogl was, of course, well-known at the theatre: he immediately communicated with Dupont, then manager. As a result, Schubert was asked to write a work as a test-piece. One feels inclined to laugh at such a notion; but that was what happened. He had to write for Madame Schechner, a vocalist of doubtful ability who was making her *début* in Vienna. She was a nervous little person with a tendency to sing sharp if her nerves got the better of her. Moreover, like many vocalists of her day, she was an indifferent reader. Schubert's manuscript was none too legible—especially when he was in a hurry—and,

from one cause and another, at the piano rehearsal the lady "made a mess of it," as Franz afterwards remarked. In one passage she came to a dead stop. "It is too difficult," she said. "Nobody could sing it."

"It is nothing of the sort," replied Schubert. "You haven't learnt it." He went over the difficulties with her—perhaps in none too sweet a frame of mind—and she took the part home to work it up for the orchestral rehearsal the next day.

The same thing occurred again. She sang sharp and flat alternately—through sheer nervousness probably; and also it is likely that she felt her position in the matter: she may have complained to Dupont that she was not being fairly treated and that she was being forced to jeopardise her chances with the Viennese public at the outset.

At all events she came to a full stop. "Go on," roared Schubert, who had by now lost all patience with this "fool of a woman."

"I shall not go on," she replied. "I refuse to sing it as it is." It looked as though there was going to be an unpleasant scene. Schechner was in tears; the orchestra sat in glum silence; Schubert swore under his breath and broke his bâton.

Dupont felt that the moment had come to pour oil upon troubled waters: he advanced and suggested that Schubert should alter a bar here and there—just to satisfy the singer and to secure a good rendition. "I alter nothing," shouted

Franz, now utterly uncontrolled. And forthwith he marched out of the theatre with the score under his arm.

That ended, of course, any idea of his becoming musical director at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. Perhaps it was just as well: he would probably have gone off for a walk in the country when he should have been at a rehearsal. It is quite a reasonable supposition: it had happened many times. Schubert was always apologising to those with whom he made appointments for the fact that he "had forgotten all about it." A man who could forget the "Unfinished Symphony" could forget his own name, one would think. It is just typical of this creature of impulse and concentration. His impulses were so powerful while they lasted, his concentration so complete whenever it was called into exercise that it would have been hopeless for him to have attempted to carry on activities in a regular employment. He knew it: he admitted it. The only reason he applied for such posts as fell vacant was sheer necessity: the only post he ever held (after his choristership) was the one Count Esterházy offered him. All the others were denied him.

The twenty pounds he had received for the "Lady of the Lake" songs went in debts: much the same sort of thing happened to the twelve pounds odd that he received for the "Divertissement à la Hongroise." It was always a case of spending his money before he had it—a dangerous proceeding with him. It does not say much for the generosity of the publishers—Haslinger in particular—that

the sums had been so small. But Franz accepted because he was in need.

He was desperately so one day when Lachner chanced to call in to see him. "I want you to do a favour for me," said Schubert, almost by way of a greeting. "Take these songs down to a publisher and sell them for me. For heaven's sake don't come back without some money: I have none in the house—not even enough for a cup of coffee."

Lachner almost committed the fatal mistake of offering Schubert hospitality at his own expense, but fortunately he reflected before being so unwise. So he took the songs —six of them—and departed. The only publisher whom he could persuade to look at them was Haslinger, whose generosity was staggering: he offered Lachner five shillings for the six—*tenpence each*! Lachner did what he could, but Haslinger told him to take it or leave it, as he chose.

An idea occurred to him as he left the premises with the five shillings: he would supplement the sum and say nothing about it to Schubert. Then he suddenly remembered the contract which would follow and give away the whole deception, and he cursed Haslinger heartily. He arrived at Schubert's rooms in due course, and handed over the five shillings. Franz took them gratefully: he had written another song since Lachner had left, but he thought there would not be a chance of earning more that day.

So that we have the piteous spectacle of Schubert ordering coffee and biscuits for his lunch because he had not

enough to pay for a proper meal. He had repented of his haste in the theatre long since; but had perhaps realised that the work would have worried him endlessly. Even so, a totally empty purse has a persuasion about it; and Franz felt himself rather at a loss what to do. It was a pity Vogl had not been at that rehearsal. Vogl was so ingratiating and so tactful that the whole affair might not have happened. He would have calmed Schubert down and suggested the alterations in such a way that Franz would have been delighted to make them. But it was now beyond anyone's power to set matters straight: the appointment had been made. It would have been exactly the same thing had it been Beethoven or Schumann; not a note would have been altered: Mendelssohn or Mozart would have given way.

There is not much more to tell concerning the year 1825: it was mainly devoted to work.

We therefore take the opportunity thus afforded to speak of the songs. To take anything like a detailed view of them would be manifestly impossible unless, that is, a separate volume were devoted to the purpose. Neither is such a course advisable.

While Schubert was the greatest song-writer of his age—he has never been surpassed since, not even by Schumann or Wolf—many of his songs must be admitted merely to form part of the "noble six hundred": we speak with the knowledge gained from an exhaustive survey

of them at the time when the research for the writing of this biography was undertaken.

To begin with, Schubert was the first to realise the power of the song as a vehicle for expression. Most of the composers before him had written them, but only as a kind of side-line and usually for some specific purpose.

But with Schubert it cannot be gainsaid that the writing of songs meant more than any other form of composition which he affected. The big things of his life failed, without a single exception: his operas, his symphonies and most of his chamber-music. The Masses alone seem to stand out; but these he wrote "for love." There is not a shadow of doubt that, had he been encouraged by managers and producers with regard to his larger forms of composition he would have gone ahead and probably have succeeded in correcting much that needed correction. But as things were, he merely laid aside his failures and wrote still more songs. The music was in him and, somehow or other, it had to come out; consequently, as poems were easy to obtain —his friends wrote him a number of them—an outlet for his genius seemed to lie close to his hand. Hence over six hundred songs.

We have already mentioned that he set forty-seven of the poems of Mayrhofer; of Schiller there were forty-six; of Mueller (to whom he appears to have been devoted) there were forty-four—amongst them the "Winterreise cycle"; of Heine (with whom he was unacquainted until shortly before his death) only six; and of Goethe a grand total

of no less than seventy-two. These—over two hundred in all—are merely settings of some of the more renowned poets: Schubert, as we have seen, set anything which came his way.

It is not our purpose to classify the songs nor yet to dilate at any length upon their respective merits: we consider that after one hundred years those which have taken the public fancy are enough to establish Schubert for another hundred years.

The "Erl-king" (of which there were four versions in all, the last made at Vogl's suggestion) is almost enough to keep Schubert's name before the music-loving public. So that it is not with any intention of attempting to introduce his music to our readers that we mention a few other titles, just as they occur to us.

The picturesque "Ständchen" (Serenade) was the product of pure fluency. Schubert caught at the idea of the "Serenader" using some light instrument upon which he could pluck the simple harmonies with perfect effect. The sense of fitness pervading such a song as "Ungeduld" (Impatience) in which Schubert contrives to produce a trite little rhythm in order to fit the words exactly; the same thing in "The Post" of the "Winterreise" cycle; the crispness of the accompaniment in "Die Forelle" (The Trout); the flowing style of "Wohin?" (Whither?) and "Gretchen am Spinnrade" (Margaret at the Spinning-wheel); the deeply religious sentiment pervading "Ave Maria" and "Litaney"; the dreaminess of the "Wiegenlied"

and " Du bist die Ruh "; the aptness of " Who is Sylvia?" and " Hark! Hark! the Lark "—to mention but a handful, so to speak, all establish Schubert as the Prince of Song-writers. As for Goethe's " Ganymed "—in our opinion the greatest of all songs—it is almost a symphony in song form.

We have insisted—we trust not too much—upon the fact that Schubert wrote as a means of getting himself into the right frame of mind: this view may not have been taken by all his biographers, but it is a fact, nevertheless. We have perhaps laboured the point in this work, but if so, we have done it to bring out as clearly as possible the whole driving force which lay at the back of all Schubert did. It was nothing to him to write a song: it hardly could have been, considering he wrote so many: but the very fact that it is so accounts for some of them being comparatively poor in quality, but also for so many more of them being such perfect specimens of *lieder*-writing. Schubert knew when he had written a good song: that is easily proved by the fact that he never spoke about the others. He mentions in his corespondence none but those which have lived these hundred years: there is no record of his having discussed any but those by which he is now known. Cycles like " The Fair maid of the Mill " (" Die Schöne Müllerin ") and the " Winter's Journey " (" Winterriese ") prove that he lived at a time when German lyricism was at its height: as a matter of fact, there have never been more really great poets alive together than during his lifetime.

No less than eighty-nine writers are represented in Schubert's songs. It seems more like a novel than historical record, especially when due consideration is given to the fact that he confined his period of writing to about fifteen years. Men like Haydn, who lived to be seventy-seven, or Verdi, who died in his eighty-eighth year, might be expected to have done something of the kind; but to die at thirty-one does not seem to leave much room for the ordinary things of life in the face of such an extraordinary output.

Schubert was doing pioneer work in song-writing: it is fortunate indeed for us that he was, if only upon the grounds that he otherwise might have wasted much valuable time in absorbing the thoughts of those who had gone before him. As there were none, he found his own genius straight away. Had he lived as long again, or had he lived in our own days, he might have set many of the poems differently. Indeed, he very occasionally made a second attempt at those which he thought he might improve. The fact that he revised about fifty out of the whole six hundred has been taken by more than one of his biographers to mean that his work was of a very careful nature. As we have already hinted, we are not inclined to support that view. We have not the least hesitation in saying that, had he been given a poem which he had already set—after a reasonable period—he would probably have so forgotten the original as to set it again quite differently. As a matter of fact, the revisions he effected were often

done at odd moments when he had nothing very important to do, or else for some singer's performance.

If there is any criticism which can be levelled at the songs as a whole it is that many—far too many—were written in too high a key. The choice of a key for a song does not often affect the situation to-day because publishers have formed the excellent habit of issuing them in four, or even five different ones. In Schubert's day, one had to suffice.

Many modern critics have made it their purpose to grumble when songs of classical importance have been sung out of their key. In the case of arias taken from choral works or oratorios, something might be said for retaining the original pitch because association with original context is often strong. But there is no possible objection to a song (which has no actual musical context surrounding it) being sung in *any* key. We imagine that no one, hearing one of Schubert's, for the first time, could determine whether it was in its original key or in a transposed one. As for the theory that every key has its colour—while conceding the point with all the pleasure in the world—that does not apply in the case of a song because it has to be rendered by the human voice. The fact remains that, if one is to be comfortable, the key must suit the voice exactly. It is not a matter of a high note (or even a low one) here and there; it is totally a question of how the song lies in the key itself. It is possible to write two songs in, for example, the key of C, both rising to (say) the

high G, and yet to make one perfectly easy to sing for anyone who can reach the said G, and the other quite tiring to a singer who can soar to the high D flat.

Our own private opinion is that Schubert possessed a piano with a low pitch. We have had no opportunity of examining the tuning of the instrument which belonged to him and is now in the Schubert Museum in Vienna, but we have studied the history of pitch. And such knowledge as we have gained has satisfied us that the pitch Schubert used was considerably lower than the pitches common in this country to-day.

To begin with, Stein tuned Mozart's piano in Vienna to a fork so low as 421.6 vibrations per second for treble A. In 1823, Weber performed "Euryanthe" (it will be remembered that Schubert was present) at a pitch of A=437.5. Our present pitch—in use at the Queen's Hall—is A=439. Therefore it would seem that Weber's pitch was not very far below ours. But it must be remembered that pitches had been under review, and that Weber had adopted one considerably higher than those which had been used up to his time. Schubert's piano would most likely be much the same as Mozart's. It was not a new instrument by any means, and, even if this does not greatly signify in itself, it is perfectly certain that the majority of pitches which he would be used to hearing would be quite a tone lower than those to which we are accustomed nowadays.

With regard to Military Band pitch, the less said the better: to attempt to sing Schubert (untransposed) to it

would strain most voices. So that there is every reason, after a century of Schubert-singing, to suggest that to be uncomfortable in rendering him is an absurdity. A song like "Ganymed"—which we have stated to be, in our opinion, his greatest—loses much in depth by being sung in A flat major as represented by our pitch. F major is ideal for it. The same intensity can be reached in the performance of it in F as in A flat—but the former is a deal more comfortable for most people.

The same thing applies to "Ungeduld" (Impatience). The song moves at such a speed that the top G flat (which occurs on a very short note) makes less impression than it does when commuted to E flat if the song be put down to F. "Hark! Hark! the Lark" is written in C with the high G as the climax note. But Schubert heard G at the pitch of F: thus a transposition down to the key of B flat is ideal.

Gerhardt, when singing the "Winterreise" cycle at the Queen's Hall so late as March, 1927, transposed twenty out of the twenty-four songs to a lower key—two of them as far as a minor third. After such an excellent precedent it would seem that the best thing anyone (who wishes to sing Schubert well) can do is to take a sheet of manuscript-paper and transpose him—up or down—to any key which suits his voice. Schubert's songs are so broad in their outlook (and yet often so intimate) that it is possible to sing some of them in almost any key without affecting their rendition in the least. Indeed, it is easily possible (in the

more intimate ones) to make each one peculiarly one's own by engineering the key successfully. Schubert can be transposed right and left, so to speak: he can stand any amount of such treatment, and always responds to every shade of colour in one's voice. That is why his songs are so wonderful: that is also why they have lived for a hundred years. One can produce one's very vocal tones upon a carefully-selected course of Schubert; one can learn to phrase; one can learn to set an atmosphere in one's singing: there is nothing impossible with Schubert.

In a chapter specially devoted to the purpose, at the end of this volume, some translations of the author's are given (with the voice-part) in the sincere hope that they prove that it is possible to sing Schubert in English quite as effectively as in the original German. Most of the translations which we have seen have possessed one grave fault: they have obviously been the work of lyric-writers who knew nothing about singing as an art, and who were unable to appreciate the rhythmic value of the phrases. Some of their sentences are enough to make Schubert turn in his grave—to use a vivid vulgarism. They make him appear to have completely misunderstood the lyrics he set; they have cut up the phrasing, made the breathing almost impossible, and used ineffective words for high notes.

But it is possible—as we trust our few contributions in Chapter XV will prove—to sing Schubert in our own tongue. The idea (which, fortunately, is on the wane now) that it is impossible to translate for purposes of song is a

mere absurdity. There are a few song-lyrics which seem to resist it, we admit: but they are few in number in comparison with those which will bear careful rendering into English.

Schubert was certainly the first to prove the great value of the short song. Occasionally he wrote at great length—foolishly so in some instances—but he stands for ever as the pioneer of the song-fragment which, in his hands, has so often proved to be a powerful vehicle for effect. His effort with one of Klopstock's lyrics, which has fifteen verses to it, is rather boring: the best compliment we can pay to it is not to sing it.

Perhaps it has not always been recognised that Schubert led the way in the matter of modulation in his songs. Beethoven had, of course, already set a great example in this magnificent and satisfying device; but Schubert followed so closely behind him that we are—at least when discussing songs—inclined to place him even above Beethoven. Before Schubert's day changing one's key was often a matter of form—founded, of course, upon reasonable lines-of-thought, but none the less formal: when Schubert left one key to go into another he did it in such a way as to make one feel that he would have been a fool to have done anything else. The modulation in "Hark! Hark! the Lark" is one of the sanest things in music. One feels a delightful sensation of being led by one's brain when Schubert changes key. It is a great art—this knowing "just when" one has had enough of something: it is the apex of intellectuality to switch over into a different level of tonality just at the

right moment. The man-in-the-street usually contents himself with the observation that the composer must have " gone into the minor," regardless of the fact that the change may not have affected the major third in the least; but he proves his sensibility of the effect of the device, even though his ignorance as to what has really taken place.

Thus we bring our little discussion of Schubert's songs to a close. It has been insufficient in the technical sense; but we trust that it may have done something to awaken an interest in the Prince of Songsters in places where he has been valued at too low a rate, or else ignored altogether. Schubert should be sung in every Englishman's home.

XII. THE LAST THREE YEARS

(1826-1828).

The sun be-reds the river,
Wind-swept;
Soon it will go for ever,
Unwept:
Yet my heart to its watching Giver
Has leapt.
For the sunset-gong has sounded
In the dim Nave.
I stand before the Crucifix
And pause to pray
Lest I, forgetful of the Hour,
Meet not (refreshed)
The dawn
That heralds Day.

XII. THE LAST THREE YEARS.

(1826-1828.)

WITH the solitary exception of a visit to Gratz in 1827, Schubert did not leave Vienna during the last three years of his life: thus it is convenient to review that period in one chapter.

His compositions were now bringing in a small income —not enough for him to live upon in anything approaching comfort, but sufficient to keep him out of debt: also his general position in Vienna was improving. A few offers from publishers occasionally came his way: they did not amount to much, but they served to keep the wolf from the door.

Franz had dedicated a symphony to the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" some little time back: it was a society in connection with which he held an honorary post. The committee of this society regarded him with the warmest affection and respect: they now desired to show their kindly disposition towards him in a practical form. So they presented him with a purse of about £10 as a small recognition of his services to Art.

He was quite overcome: it was not so much the gift itself—it was, of course, very welcome—but the delicate and courtly fashion in which it was presented that touched him.

And then Vienna received a shock: Beethoven fell ill. The papers were full of it: he had not been seen taking his daily walks in the parks of late; but no one had imagined him to be indisposed. As a matter of fact, he had been staying with his brother Johann, who lived just outside Vienna.

Johann's house was one of those comfortless habitations which ventilate by draughts only: moreover, Johann himself loved draughts. His idea of comfort was to sit between the open window and the door when the wind blew from the north-east. As a consequence of this rigour, Beethoven caught a chill the first week of his stay.

Had Johann possessed ordinary commonsense he might have had a fire put in his brother's room: instead of which he let him go back to Vienna in an open chaise in the vilest weather imaginable, with the result that the chill turned inwards and Beethoven became really ill. Complications arose, and he was tapped for dropsy three times in one month. But he was able to read a little, and continued to think out his plans for the future. How rosy they seemed! There was to be a tenth symphony—for England. The Philharmonic Society had sent him a hundred pounds when he sorely needed money, and he wanted to show his gratitude. He had no idea of taking the script over in

person because his deafness prevented him from taking active part in anything. He knew—poor soul—from past experience that when the applause came he would miss it, unless he chanced to *see* the people clapping. But he had learnt to be satisfied with a little where much was not to be had: he had heard all his symphonies in his brain. "God has been pleased to take away my hearing," he said to a friend, "But He has been good enough to leave me my mental ear. I can therefore work on."

The desire to make plans for the future was so great that he mapped out a scheme for setting Goethe's "Faust," and also for much choral music: in fact, he admitted that it was his intention to surpass all his works written up to this time. "They will do for a prelude," he said.

But it was not to be. His doctors thought that he might pull through with very great care; but there was an element of doubt from the very first.

One day Schindler called in to see how he was. "I have brought you these, Maestro," he said, and laid a number of Schubert's songs—about sixty of them—on the bed. Beethoven thanked him and sent a cordial message to Schubert. Then he began to examine the songs, and remarked that Schindler seemed to have brought a large number. When he heard that there were over five hundred more in existence he was absolutely amazed.

"How on earth can he find time to set so many?" he asked. "Some of them are so long," he continued: and then, as his eye fell upon one particularly attractive, he

observed that he would have set it himself had he possessed a copy. "But," he said, "there is no doubt about it: Schubert has the divine spark."

During his last days he frequently spoke of Schubert and regretted that he had not troubled to know him better. "I should have seen more of him," he said to Schindler. "I have not valued him highly enough."

Then things took a turn for the worse, and bulletins were issued daily. Vienna was in a state of apprehension. Surely Beethoven could not be going to die? They had grown so accustomed to seeing him in the parks of an evening: they had idolised him to such an extent—even though from afar—that they refused to believe that anything could happen to him.

Schubert sent a message to ask if he might see him. The reply was that Beethoven desired him to come as soon as possible. So Franz went round with Schindler and Anselm Hüttenbrenner. Schindler went up to Beethoven's bedroom and told him of the presence of his visitors.

"Schubert may come first," was the reply. Franz went up and was received with a marked show of affection and respect from the dying master. It was something he never forgot. A week later Beethoven was slightly worse and Schubert called again, this time with Joseph Hüttenbrenner and Teltscher, the painter. They stood round the bed: Beethoven made some sign, but they could not understand him. This was more than Franz could endure. He took one long look at the fine, rugged features of this truly

The Graves of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert in the Cemetery at Vienna.

great soul, and fled from the room in tears. All that day he could do nothing but think of his Beethoven. Two days later the bulletins gave no hope: Beethoven was conscious, and that was all. On the 26th of March, about six in the evening, a storm broke over the city: crash after crash of thunder accompanied brilliant flashes of lightning: it seemed as though the heavens were sending out a solemn pæan at the passing of a noble soul. For, long before the storm had abated, he was gone.

It had been an uphill life; but he had fought fate and circumstance with a will: he had fought his deafness; he had certainly fought his last illness. There had been three operations in all, but his characteristic grim humour had never forsaken him all through.

"This seems like Moses tapping the rock," he said to the surgeon who tapped him for dropsy. But it had all been to no purpose: he had seen his priest, received the Blessed Sacrament, and now he was gone.

Schubert received the news badly. He had been expecting it for the past forty-eight hours, but when it came it prostrated him. The funeral was solemn in the extreme. The oration was written by the poet Grillparzer. "He whom you mourn," it finished, "stands from now onwards amongst the great of all ages. Remember this hour, and think that we were there when they buried him, and when he left us we wept." It was literally true: they said there was not a dry eye in all Vienna. Twenty thousand people witnessed that funeral: it took the best part of two hours

for the *cortège* to travel from the house to the church—a distance of a few hundred yards.

Schubert was one of the pall-bearers. After it was all over he and two friends (Lachner and Randhartinger) walked home together. They called at a tavern and drank a solemn toast to the memory of the great man whom they had just buried.

"Now," said Schubert. "Let us drink to the one of us three who shall follow him." This they did—to Franz himself.

Perhaps he had some premonition that it might be so, for he seemed to work harder than ever and with a very serious intent. Schubert was a changed man after the death of Beethoven: something seemed to have snapped within him. But he could still be lively—even boisterous on occasions.

One afternoon he was returning from a walk with two friends and chanced to pass a tavern in the garden of which they espied another friend seated at a table with a large mug of beer in front of him, and a book. They marched up to him. "Hallo!" said Schubert, "what's the book?" "Shakespeare," was the simple reply. Franz demanded that it should be handed over to him at once, and subsided into a chair at another table. He turned over the leaves casually at first, and then held his breath as he read "Hark! Hark! the Lark."

"Have you fellows got any manuscript paper about you?" he enquired without getting up. "No," they said.

"We are not all like you." But they knew what it meant. So, to keep him quiet, one of them proceeded to draw staves upon the backs of some menu-cards which he collected from their own and neighbouring tables. "Here you are," he said. "Write on those."

Before they had drunk their beer "Hark! Hark! the Lark" was ready to be sung. Not that such an event cut much ice with them: they knew Franz too well. But the book was borrowed "just for an hour," and Schubert left them and began to hurry home, reading as he went. He had found "Who is Sylvia?" Down it went without the slightest hesitation. As soon as he read the words over again the tapping accompaniment surged through his excited brain, and he wrote without a stop until the last bar was finished. He returned the book within the hour as he promised, and played the song through to the owner of it.

The visit to Gratz was a pleasant one in that Schubert made the acquaintance of the Pachlers, a particularly artistic family who constantly gave musical At Homes, and who had been great friends of Beethoven. There he rested a good deal and amused himself by writing some small works for piano *solo*, and also a few duets. Many of his songs were sung of an evening at these pleasant gatherings, "Who is Sylvia?" apparently, being one of the favourites.

Other compositions (during the period extending from the close of 1825 to the time of his death) were the String Quartet in D minor (with variations on "Death and the

Maiden"), the Quartet in G, the "Rondeau Brilliant" for piano and violin, and the excellent sonata in G major.

In 1827 came the "Winterreise" cycle, the "Fantasia" for violin and piano, and the two piano trios. 1828 was a year of fluent writing. Franz led off with the beautiful "Song of Miriam" and continued with the C major Symphony—the greatest work of his whole life—the Mass in E flat, the "Tantum Ergo" (an exquisite work of its kind), the String Quintet, the second "Benedictus" to the C major Mass, the last three pianoforte sonatas, and the collection of songs known as the "Schwanengesang," six of the latter being settings of Heine's poems.

Schubert, like his great contemporary, Beethoven, was ever full of plans for the future: it seemed as though, at long last, his luck was really turning and that he would be able to earn enough to keep himself in modest comfort.

In the spring of 1828 he gave a concert—the only one of his life which he himself promoted—of his own works. The result amazed him: he made £32 out of it. Shortly afterwards Paganini visited Vienna and gave two concerts. Schubert sat in the best seats at the first of them. He was so impressed with Paganini's violin-playing (and so interested in his odd appearance) that he decided to go to the second concert also. He bought two tickets and took Baurnfeld, who was far too poor to take himself. Baurnfeld protested, knowing that Franz could rarely afford such luxuries as concerts.

"I have plenty of money," said Schubert, cheerfully.

"It is as plentiful as blackberries with me just now." And so he generously took Baurnfeld out to dinner and on to the concert afterwards.

Schubert had, for some little time past, been living with Von Schober at the Blue Hedgehog (*Blaue Igel*), still a well-known resort for musicians; but at the end of August he returned to town for the winter.

Lachner had arranged to go over to Budapest in order to produce an opera of his own. Schindler—who had frequently been with Schubert ever since Beethoven's death —now wrote to say that he had practically finished his biography of the Master and thought of going with Lachner. Would Franz care to go also and give a concert of his own works?

But Schubert was far from well. He had gone to his brother Ferdinand for the time being, and had been seized with the old attacks of giddiness and blood-rush. A journey was out of the question: in fact, Ferdinand managed to persuade Franz to let him call in his own doctor. The result of a medical examination was an order which stopped all work. Also Franz was to take some exercise. A short walking tour was therefore undertaken by the two brothers with some friends: they visited Eisenstadt (about twenty-five miles from Vienna) and saw Haydn's old residence: also his grave.

Franz was forced to diet himself rather rigorously but, as he observed, it had its compensations: there was "less to carry about." Altogether he seems to have

enjoyed the jaunt. A letter to Von Schober in the early autumn shows that he was still feeling far from well: he complains of giddiness and a certain amount of sickness. But even in November he was still full of plans: there seemed to be no form of composition which he did not intend to represent before the end of the year.

On the fourteenth of November he was unable to leave his bed. This was at Ferdinand's. On the fifteenth the proofs of the "Winterreise" songs arrived, and he was propped up with pillows so that he could correct them. On the sixteenth he was decidedly worse and ran a high temperature. Ferdinand became alarmed and sent for the doctor. Franz was suffering from a severe attack of typhoid, and his condition gave cause for anxiety. On Wednesday, the nineteenth, he was suffering terribly in acute delirium.

"What are they doing with me?" he wailed.

"All right, Franz," said Ferdinand, gently. "You are in your own bed."

"No, no . . . it is not true . . . Beethoven is not laid to rest here. . . ." Those were his last words: he was dead by three o'clock. The funeral took place two days later. How different to that of Beethoven! Where were the twenty thousand people? The day was wet and cold, it is true; but there were scarcely twenty—let alone twenty thousand—at Schubert's funeral. Unfortunately, Lachner were still away at Budapest; Vogl was in Italy, but Spaun

and Stadler and many others were in town, including Count Esterházy and his family. But they let him go alone.

The Schubert family, naturally, was well represented: by their desire Von Schober was chief mourner, and they sang the *Pax Vobiscum* and a hymn over the grave; that was all. The illness had swallowed up every penny left of the £32 which had accrued from the concert, and the expenses of the funeral had still to be faced. Ferdinand could not forget that last sentence: *Beethoven is not laid here*! He told the family he took it to mean—even though uttered in delirium—that Franz desired to be laid to rest near Beethoven. It meant great sacrifices upon their part—they were all poor—and Ferdinand was rather taken aback when he saw the estimate for a grave near to Beethoven's in the cemetery.

"It is a large sum," he said, sadly; "a very large sum, but it is very little for the honour of Franz' resting-place." Perhaps it is not quite fair to contrast Schubert's funeral with that of Beethoven; and yet there would seem to be no reason why he should not have been (at least) a little more recognised. When we think of the funeral of Mendelssohn in Berlin, with princely honours, with the shops all closed and the streets draped in black; or of the public funeral of Chopin in Paris at which Mozart's Requiem was sung and his own Funeral March played upon a band for the first time; when we remember that his pall was borne by Meyerbeer, Prince Adam von Czartoryski, Franchomme, Gutman, and the great painter Delacroix, we

realise that it scarcely does to think about the obsequies of Schubert or Mozart. Those of the former were a reflection upon the fidelity of his many friends; of the latter, a disgrace to the Austrian Court and Emperor alike.

Schubert left no will: there was nothing to leave excepting piles of manuscript: there were a few clothes, a piano, some stringed instruments, his desk—and that was about all. There was certainly no money.

After he had gone, people were anxious enough to honour his memory. That is always the way with these great souls whom the world fails to appreciate while they still live. They let a man starve for want of recognition: when he is gone they sing requiems and erect statues. In 1872 a magnificent monument was erected in the Stadt Park and the tablet placed upon the house in which he was born. He has been gone a century now: this year, 1928, will see his name emblazoned in the Press and in every shop window where songs or gramophone records are sold. Concerts of his music will be given all over Europe: the sounds of his sweet strains will be broadcast to the ends of the earth. *Yet—in his day—he went hungry*!

Outside Austria his death created practically no sensation. But two understanding souls wept for his loss: Schumann burst into tears at the news; Mendelssohn also. These men knew him for what he was; they treasured his memory because he was one of themselves; because he had chosen the hard path of Art, giving of his best at all times, toiling on ceaselessly that the world might be the richer for his having spent even so short a time in it.

XIII. THE CENTENARY—POSTHUMOUS FAME.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death.

King Ferdinand in "Love's Labour Lost."

XIII. THE CENTENARY—POSTHUMOUS FAME.

It was not until 1838 that anything definite was done to bring to light the greater works of Schubert. We have already referred to Schumann's activities in this respect. Diabelli bought quite a number of the smaller manuscripts before Schumann's arrival: a few other publishers interested themselves in the songs; but the larger works, one and all, seem to have been regarded as so much waste paper.

Liszt (who was overcome with grief at the news of Schubert's early decease) did much to introduce his works. His transcriptions of "Hark! Hark! the Lark," "Ständchen," and "The Post," are now quite well-known. Liszt's idea of appreciation of other people's works usually took the form of transcribing them so that his huge hands could play them upon a piano; failing this, he generally proceeded to score them for every available instrument in an orchestra.

It was some considerable time before Schubert's music was established in England. Some of the songs were sung in London at the Philharmonic Society's concerts in 1839, but it was left to Mendelssohn to introduce the larger works.

Even he had all he could do to popularise the overture to "Fierrabras." He produced it at a Philharmonic Concert on June 17th, 1844. Madame de Revial sang the "Junge Nonne," at the same concert and Mendelssohn played the accompaniment for her. The "Musical World," subsequently distinguished itself by observing that "the overture is beneath criticism . . . perhaps a more over-rated man never existed than this same Schubert. As to the song, it is a very good exemplification of much ado about nothing —as meaningly mysterious (*sic*) as could be desired by the most devoted lover of bombast."

Mendelssohn conducted the last five concerts of the Philharmonic Society in 1844, and amongst the orchestral novelties which he introduced to English audiences were Schubert's C major Symphony (which had been successful at the *Gewandhaus* concerts), and also his own "Ruy Blas" Overture. Little was done in the way of further research until 1867, when Grove and Sullivan paid a visit to Vienna with the intention of finding as many of Schubert's lost manuscripts as possible. They found much of interest—even after Diabelli's purchases and Schumann's work of research.

Grove was determined to find the "Rosamunde" music, and made an appointment for an interview with Spina.

"Did you know him?" asked Grove.

"*Know* him? I was present at his christening, and was a pupil of his father's," was the reply.

They turned to the cupboards which lay piled with Schubert's manuscripts. A systematic search was begun, but there was no sign of the "Rosamunde" music. Spina searched with them and regretted that he could offer no further advice. He offered his hospitality—including his cigars—to the two Englishmen as long as they cared to accept it.

Grove did not want to leave Vienna without the "Rosamunde" score. Dr. Schneider volunteered to help, and another search was made; but without result. Grove came to the conclusion that Schubert must have lost the score himself; and as he and Sullivan were due to start for Prague at the end of the week there did not seem to be much time to do anything further.

Two days before they were actually timed to leave they paid a farewell visit to the Doctor. Grove simply ached to have one last search for the missing score, and asked Schneider if he minded him looking again himself.

"Certainly you may," said the Doctor, "that is, if you do not mind being covered with dust." Grove said he did not care a rap about the dust so long as he found the manuscript. While Sullivan chatted to the Doctor, Grove pulled everything out of the cupboard. At last, at the very bottom and in the furthermost corner, he found a parcel two feet high containing music books, all carefully tied up. They had been tied up ever since December, 1823, and they were the score and parts of the "Rosamunde" music. Grove himself tells this story. As for the "Rosa-

munde" music, it may, of course, now be heard in every café in London.

One hundred years have been sufficient to see Schubert's works sorted out according to their value. Schubert is remembered not (like Beethoven) by nine symphonies because he wrote nine; nor yet by eight, because he himself actually wrote that number, but by two only—the "Unfinished" and the one in C major. The other six are not included in the world's repertory.

The same thing exactly applies to Tschaikovski: we are accustomed to speak of his fifth and sixth symphonies; some of us may be able to discuss his fourth; but who has heard anything about the first three? They exist, and that is all: no one plays them.

When our thoughts turn towards opera the name of Schubert does not signify: we spend our time upon Wagner and Puccini. We cannot forget all that Schubert wrote for the piano: his name figures upon our programmes occasionally; but Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin have all outshone him.

He has a place in our church music: his Masses are held in honour, but only in "quires and places" where they really *can* sing: in those where the rubric can only be obeyed in the spirit and not in the letter Schubert's music is not to be heard. Stainer and Martin, because they are simpler, are sung instead.

Amongst our chamber-music his name is writ large: some of his later quartets will be played so long as this

attractive form of the Art is indulged in. Schubert will ever hold the hearts of lovers of chamber-music because so much of what he wrote in that form is just himself, which is the only Schubert we are inclined to accept.

Schubert's idiom was so distinctive and so worthy the greatest honour we can pay it that there is never any question where he really stands in the history of the world's music. The songs alone prove this. We may not have the time, perhaps, in our short lives to hear the whole six hundred of them: neither is it necessary. But there are at least fifty which will be sung so long as the human race preserves the power of utterance: there are as many more which we need not despise.

If Schubert turned everything he wrote into song, that is our good fortune and certainly not his fault. Everything he touched may not have turned to gold as it did with Midas: on the contrary, we have been at some pains to show that very little of it turned even to pence; but we trust that we have proved that everything he touched turned into song.

That was his mission in life: he came here—*just to sing to the world on paper*. In his early days he sang the praises of Almighty God with a beautiful soprano voice: when it broke, it broke for ever. He never sang as a man, even though he gave so much to others who could sing.

Thinking of those days at the Convict, we remind ourselves that we took it upon us to subject Salieri to a certain amount of censure. Now that we have come to the end

of our story it strikes us more forcibly than ever that there was no reason why Schubert should not have been greater than he really was. His chances were atrophied at the very outset: he knew it himself at the end, otherwise he would not have been considering the advisability of increasing his resources by setting his contrapuntal house in order. The writing of the C major Symphony left him of the opinion that (in constructive ability) he was inferior to both Mozart and Beethoven, the only two composers whose music he ever seriously studied. What he would have thought had he examined Bach's music can only be left to conjecture.

His whole nature told him that there was something more to come, but it also told him that new machinery would have to be installed: the old plant was worn out. Had he lived the three-score years which David so thoughtfully allotted to man—quite on his own account, by the way, and without the slightest authority—things might have been very different.

We should like him to have studied under Mendelssohn for a short period as soon as the C major Symphony was completed. That most charming and cheerful of musicians would have turned Schubert's whole world upside down for him and would have given him Bach's ideas of counterpoint, upon which his own were entirely based; he would have opened an entirely new vista for anyone like Schubert, whose mind was just ripe for some new and powerful influence to come into it.

The Figure on the Monument in the Stadt Park, Vienna.

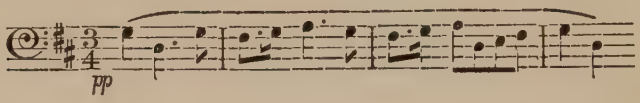
Then, had he lived (as Solon once said to Croesus) to "look to the end of a long life," there is no knowing where his genius might have led him. But, alas! he was sent for at thirty-one—sooner than any of them.

Mozart lived to be thirty-six, Mendelssohn thirty-eight, Chopin and Weber thirty-nine, Schumann forty-six. Tschaikovski died at fifty-three, Debussy at fifty-five, Beethoven at fifty-six. On the other hand, Dvorak, Brahms, and Grieg were severally sixty-two, sixty-three and sixty-four when they died. The septuagenarians were seven in number: Gluck was seventy-three, Handel and Liszt were seventy-four, Spohr and Gounod seventy-five, Rossini seventy-six, and Haydn seventy-seven. And, finally, to show that the great Masters were not generally short-lived we add the names of Cherubini, who died in his eighty-third year; of Saint-Säens, who was nearly eighty-seven; and of the veteran Verdi, who all-but completed his eighty-eighth year.

So that, compared with by far the majority of them, Schubert's death at thirty-one is strikingly premature; *whom the gods love die young*!

An unfinished life, in a sense: everything unfinished about it. His education, his technique—all unfinished. At thirty he had just reached the border-line of early maturity: he only needed someone to point the way—someone like Schumann or Mendelssohn—in order to set his inexhaustible genius aflame. But it was ordained otherwise: everything was to be left unfinished.

So that if we occasionally find ourselves humming his melodies beneath our breath, we can surely afford to pause for a moment and be thankful if we ourselves have been given a little longer than he was to finish whatever we have set out to do; we can afford to reflect that



belonged to something called Unfinished; and most certainly we can afford to think with deepest affection upon an unselfish, lovable soul who enriched the world's music so immeasurably (and yet whose own worldly riches were so easily measured) and for ever to remember him as FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT, the God-sent Songster of Vienna.

XIV. THE LAST OF THE SCHUBERTS.

Then shall our names be
Familiar in their mouths as household words.

Henry in "King Henry V."

XIV. THE LAST OF THE SCHUBERTS.

THE Schubert family still has one representative in the person of Ignatz Stuppock who is Franz Schubert's grand-nephew, being the only surviving grandchild of Ferdinand Schubert. He lives in Vienna—we are speaking in the month of May, 1928—and he is in his seventieth year. As was pointed out, Franz was one of nineteen children, of whom nine had died in infancy at the time of his birth. He himself was, it will be remembered, the thirteenth child. Two more of the Schubert children died as babes, bringing the total to eleven.

Ferdinand Schubert married and almost created another record: his family numbered seventeen. One of his daughters married a Herr Stuppock. She was born in 1810. Ferdinand died in the same year as Ignatz Stuppock was born (that is to say, in 1859) so that Herr Stuppock does not remember him. But he remembers his mother perfectly and delights in whistling tunes which he declares Franz taught her.

There is a close connection with Schubert in Herr Stuppock's mother because, when Franz was so ill in the

latter part of 1822 (the year in which he wrote the B minor symphony), and more particularly in 1823 (when the first attacks of blood-rush came upon him), she nursed him until he went into hospital. She herself was then but a child of twelve years.

Herr Stuppock's "discovery" has caused a great deal of comment in Vienna. At the time of writing, the Schubert Centenary Committee has not long been formed, and preparations for the celebrations are in process of completion. It appears that one of the staff of the "Neuen Wiener Tageblatt" found him in a very crowded lodging-house in a poor part of the town. The room is described as being ten feet by six; it was shared by another man; it was also used as a kitchen by other tenants living on the same floor. The publicity given to the discovery of this old fellow—whose only means of existence was the official unemployment "dole"—attracted the attention of the members of the Centenary Committee, who seem to have acted with commendable promptitude. Mr. Louis Sterling, of the Columbia Graphophone Company, made arrangements for the removal of Herr Stuppock to a modern apartment house. Here he is now able to enjoy the luxury of a room to himself: it has two windows in it, for which, it seems, he specially asked. As he does not attend concerts he can amuse himself by listening at home to his great-uncle's compositions; for Mr. Sterling has thoughtfully provided him with a gramophone and a set of the Columbia Schubert records. He has also seen to it that

there is enough money to provide him with a small allowance in order that he may visit his favourite coffee-house whenever he wishes. Moreover, the old gentleman has a comfortable arm-chair (which, we imagine, he was denied in his former lodging), a bureau and writing-desk and—to his great delight—a bath. So that the last of the Schuberts is allowed to live out his days in such dignity as becomes his age.

It is strange how even the largest families exhaust themselves in time. Considering eight of the original Schubert family lived to maturity—Theresa, a younger sister of Franz (born in 1801) lived until 1878; two of his brothers (Andreas, an accountant, and Anton, a priest) were both alive in 1881—it is astonishing that there are not at least one or two of the children or grandchildren alive at the present time. This is the more amazing because three of Ferdinand Schubert's sons (Ferdinand, Rudolf and Hermann) were all alive in 1882. Ferdinand also had a daughter (named Elise) who married a Herr Geisler, and whose own daughter became quite well-known in Vienna as a pianist and teacher. Her name was Caroline Geisler-Schubert.*

So far as that is concerned other well-known musical families have suffered extinction. There are no more of the Glucks: the last male descendant of the Ritter von Gluck died in 1878. As for the Mozarts, 1844 saw the end of them. But the most astonishing of all is the disappear-

* See page 265.

ance of the Bachs. Four distinct branches of the family were known in 1521; and in 1561 Hans Bach of Wechmar was quite well-known for his musical ability. His son, Veit Bach—a baker and miller—is generally regarded as being the founder of the musical family. John Sebastian Bach amused himself by drawing up the family genealogy, a document which was ultimately completed by his son Philipp Emanuel, and observes that Veit Bach's "zithet must have sounded very charming amid the clatterings of the mill-wheels." Sebastian himself was of the fifth generation of this extraordinary family: as has already been mentioned, he was twice married and had twenty children.

Towards the end of his life—and even after his death—it was the custom of the Bachs to have a family gathering each year. Sometimes they would meet at Eisenach; sometimes at Erfurt or Arnstadt. Wherever it chanced to be, there would be over a hundred of them—all musicians. This is, of course, without parallel in history. In 1740 the total *personnel* of the Bach family numbered several hundreds: yet the last of them died a few years ago—in Australia, of all places.

So that, although the descendants of the families of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner and others are still with us, the lines of Bach, Gluck, and Mozart have ceased to be. There is still one Schubert; and he seems to be cursed with the curse of all the Schuberts—poverty. But the Schubert Centenary Committee has at least justified its existence by a generous act. Herr Stuppock should be a happy

man this year, for he will (we trust) live to see high honour paid to his illustrious great-uncle. His pleasure may be tinged with the thought that the greatest song-writer of all time—the Chibiabos, sweetest of all singers—often went an hungered in the streets of Vienna a century ago for lack of recognition and support; but he may also realise that, in the long run the world does not forget what her sons contribute to the cause of evolution. Honour will be given where honour is more than due: the whole world of art will pay tribute to the imperishable memory of *the man who never wasted time.*

XV. SCHUBERT IN ENGLISH.

Then said they to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians:
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented."

Longfellow.

XV. SCHUBERT IN ENGLISH.

MUCH has been said at various times against arrangements of classical works. Gounod, for instance, was severely criticised by those who held up their hands in horror because he super-imposed his "Ave Maria" melody upon the First Prelude of Bach's "Forty-eight." Gounod defended himself by saying that every time he played the Prelude he heard that melody—a very good reason in our opinion, for committing it to paper. The fact that it has given pleasure to thousands in this form has never detracted from the pleasure of hearing the work exactly as Bach wrote it: it is merely the presentation of the Prelude in another form. Its cleverness has never been denied: it is the principle of transcription which has been held in question.

Busoni amused himself and entertained his audiences by a colossal performance of the great D major organ fugue of Bach in which he rendered the pedal-part by octaves in the left hand: but the procedure was not free from much adverse criticism at the time. Yet, after two whole centuries, one would think that a work of that calibre could well stand a new form being given to it for occasional

rendition. Because Busoni played it so brilliantly upon the piano it has never prevented anyone else from doing likewise upon the organ. It has always been the same thing in the matter of arrangement and transcription. Organists who have included in their programmes works written either for orchestra or for any other instrument have found themselves the object of much misplaced censure from so-called purists. It seems never to have occurred to them that it might be pleasant to hear a work by means of another medium.

Yet little or nothing is said against a seaside orchestra playing a Beethoven symphony with only half the instruments originally scored for by Beethoven. The whole position is untenable.

So far as arrangements of Schubert's works are concerned, the three transcriptions made by Liszt have already been referred to: Sapellnikoff made an excellent transcription for piano solo of "Die Forelle," which he played in the English provinces in 1922.

The arrangement (given below) of the A flat pianoforte Impromptu as a song may, in due course, come to be criticised. The author, who is responsible for the words, will never be surprised if someone observes that as Schubert wrote six hundred songs, it seems unnecessary to convert one of his piano works; but if Liszt and Sapellnikoff could arrange Schubert's songs for the piano, the reverse is also permissible.

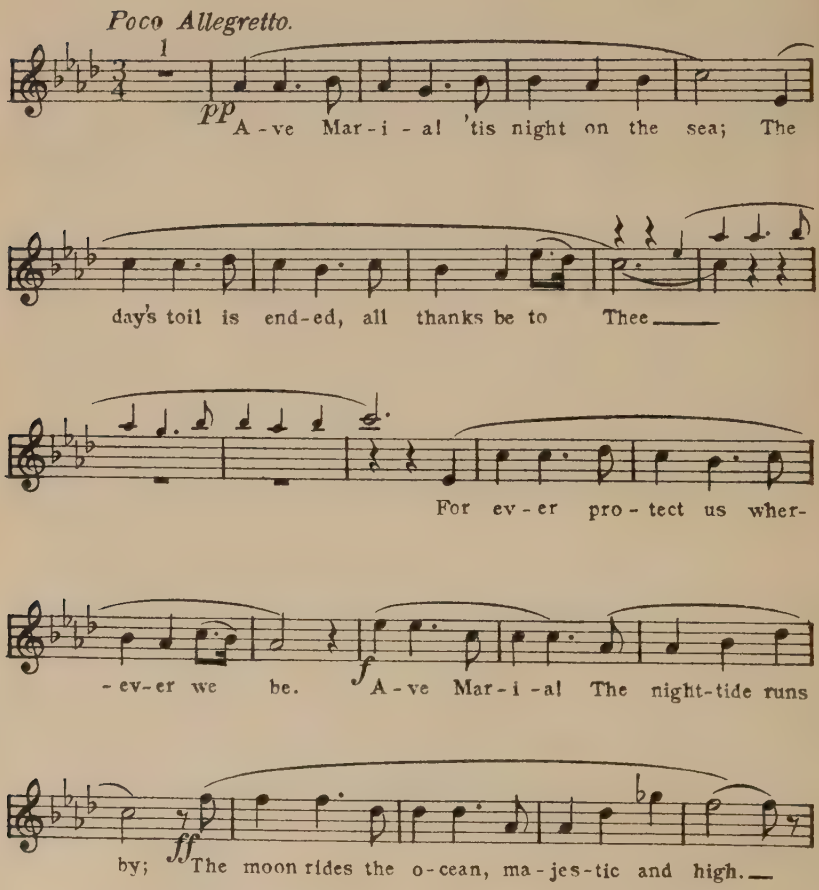
As a matter of fact, the idea was first engendered in the mind of the author by a chance remark of one of his

pupils. She entered his study one day humming the principal theme of the "Impromptu," and asked the name of it. Upon being reminded that it was not a song at all but a work for piano *solo*, she expressed disappointment: she had evidently imagined that it was something she might procure and sing. The author considered then, and still considers, that this casual enquiry was the result of an involuntary appreciation of the fact that all true Schubert is lyrical. The song (as given below) was the result of the author's conception of the work. It was sung by the pupil at a recital soon afterwards with instant success, and has since been sung by her (with the other songs of Schubert which appear in this book) as illustrations to the lectures which the author has given upon Schubert's life. The accompaniment is the Impromptu as Schubert wrote it: all repeats have been omitted and a cut made in the last section; but no alteration has been made in the actual notation.

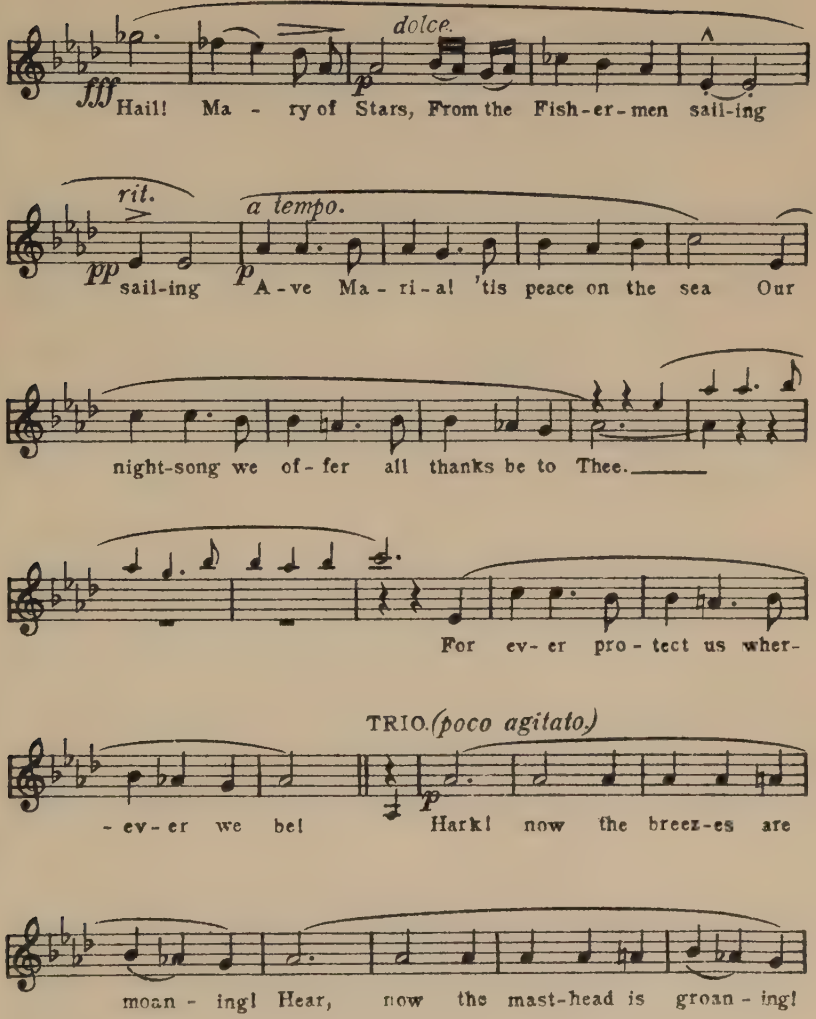
In a volume of this size it is manifestly impossible to reproduce it upon three staves: it is, however, quite clear as to what is intended. The accompaniment is the impromptu as it stands, but without any repeats and, in the third section, only the first twelve and the last nine bars are made use of. Otherwise no alterations have been made. The arrangement is now issued as a song by the publishers of this work.

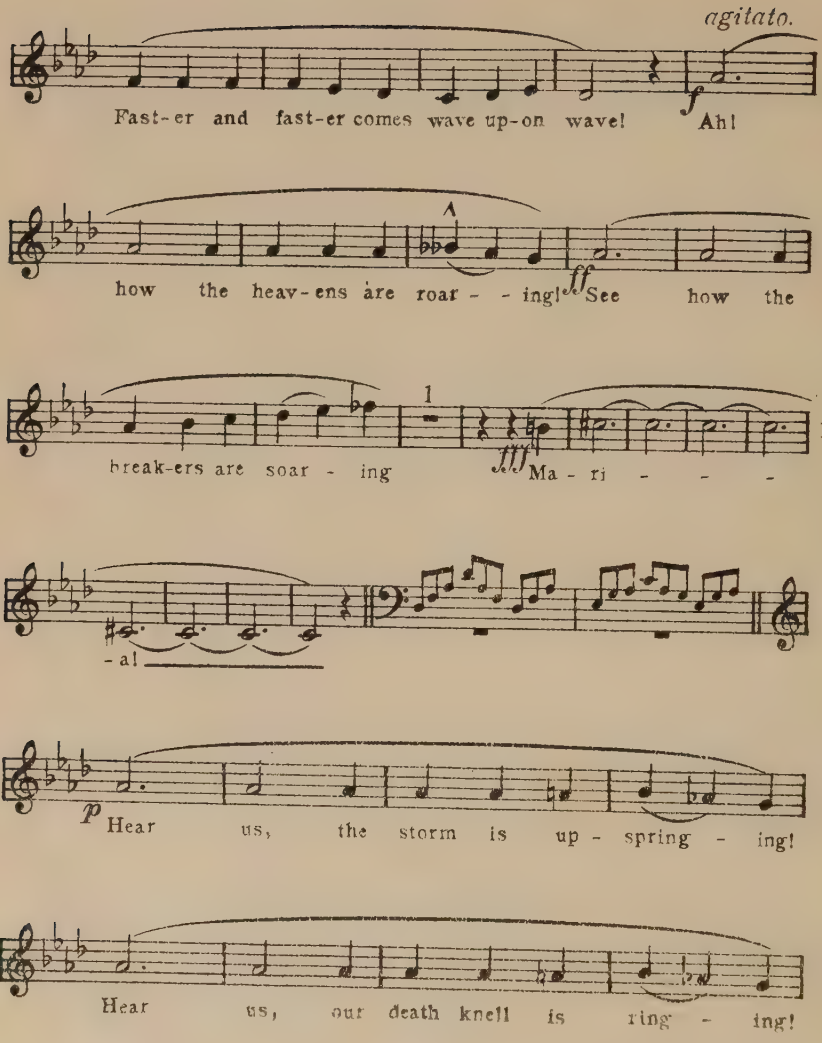
The Fishermen's Night-Song.

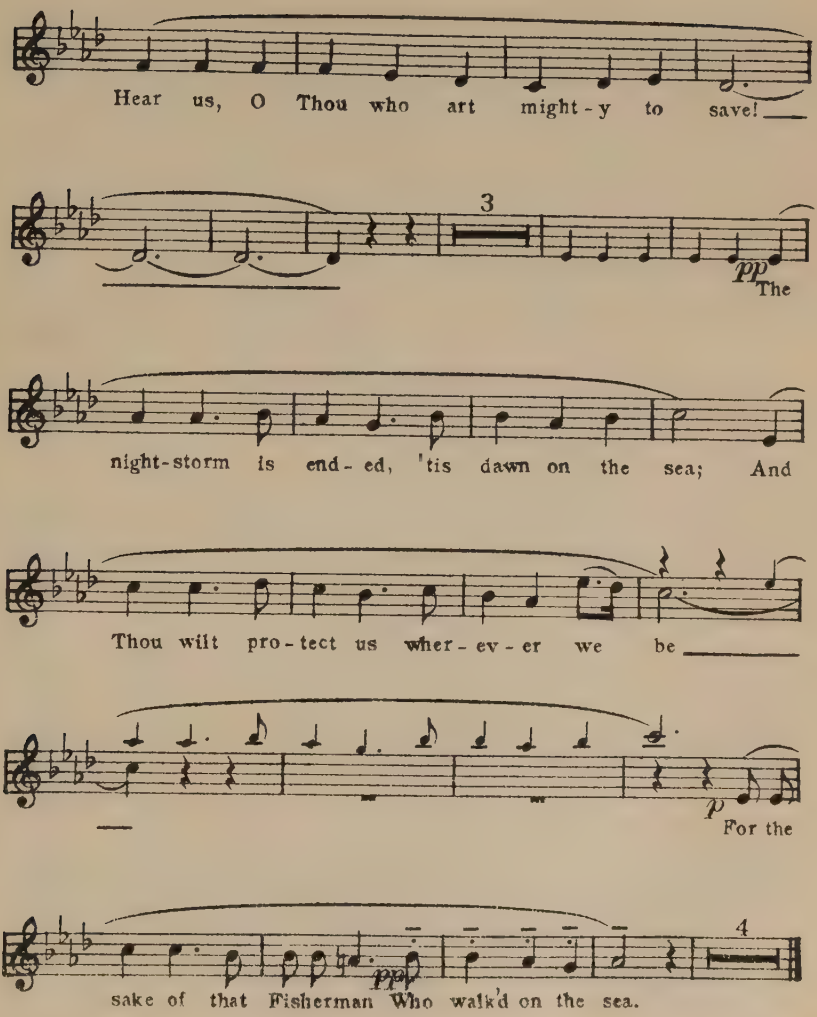
(An arrangement of the pianoforte Impromptu in A flat)


Poco Allegretto.
pp
A - ve Mar - i - a! 'tis night on the sea; The
day's toil is end-ed, all thanks be to Thee
For ev - er pro - tect us wher-
- ev-er we be.
f
A - ve Mar - i - a! The night-tide runs
by;
ff
The moon rides the o - cean, ma - jes - tic and high.

First sung in public by Dorothy Whybrow Nov: 4th 1927.


dolce.
fff
Hail! Ma - ry of Stars, From the Fish-er-men sail-ing
rit.
a tempo.
pp
sail-ing
p
A-ve Ma - ri-a! 'tis peace on the sea Our
night-song we of-fer all thanks be to Thee.
For ev-er pro-tect us wher-
TRIO. (poco agitato.)
- ev-er we be!
p
Hark! now the breez-es are
moan - ing! Hear, now the mast-head is groan - ing!


agitato.
Fast-er and fast-er comes wave up-on wave!
f Ah!
how the heav-ens are roar - - ing!
ff See how the
break-ers are soar - ing
1
fff Ma - ri - - -
- a!
p Hear us, the storm is up - spring - ing!
Hear us, our death knell is ring - ing!


Hear us, O Thou who art might-y to save!
3
pp
The
night-storm is end-ed, 'tis dawn on the sea; And
Thou wilt pro-tect us wher-ev-er we be
p
For the
4
pp
sake of that Fisherman Who walk'd on the sea.

"STANDSCHEN."

THE original German words of the well-known Serenade do not offer much scope for artistic translation if one is to be literal. The author has found it necessary to vary the sentiment a little, here and there, in order to ensure that the lines shall be of equal strength. The key, one tone lower than the original, probably places the song at a pitch quite near to that at which Schubert conceived it.

The great point to be remembered in singing the Serenade is to observe and preserve its rhythm. Schubert has caught—so happily—the idea of the accompaniment being a representation of some plucked instrument held by the serenader. Consequently its rhythmic values seem more outstanding than otherwise might be the case.

If not too slow a speed be adopted and no time lost in executing the triplets there is something extraordinarily fascinating in singing this little work. But once the rhythm be lost the song becomes a piece of sentimental nonsense, unworthy the name of Schubert.

We have pointed out this fact less for the sake of providing any assistance we are able for the better rendition of this particular song *as* a song than for that of laying down a basic principle for singing *all* Schubert.

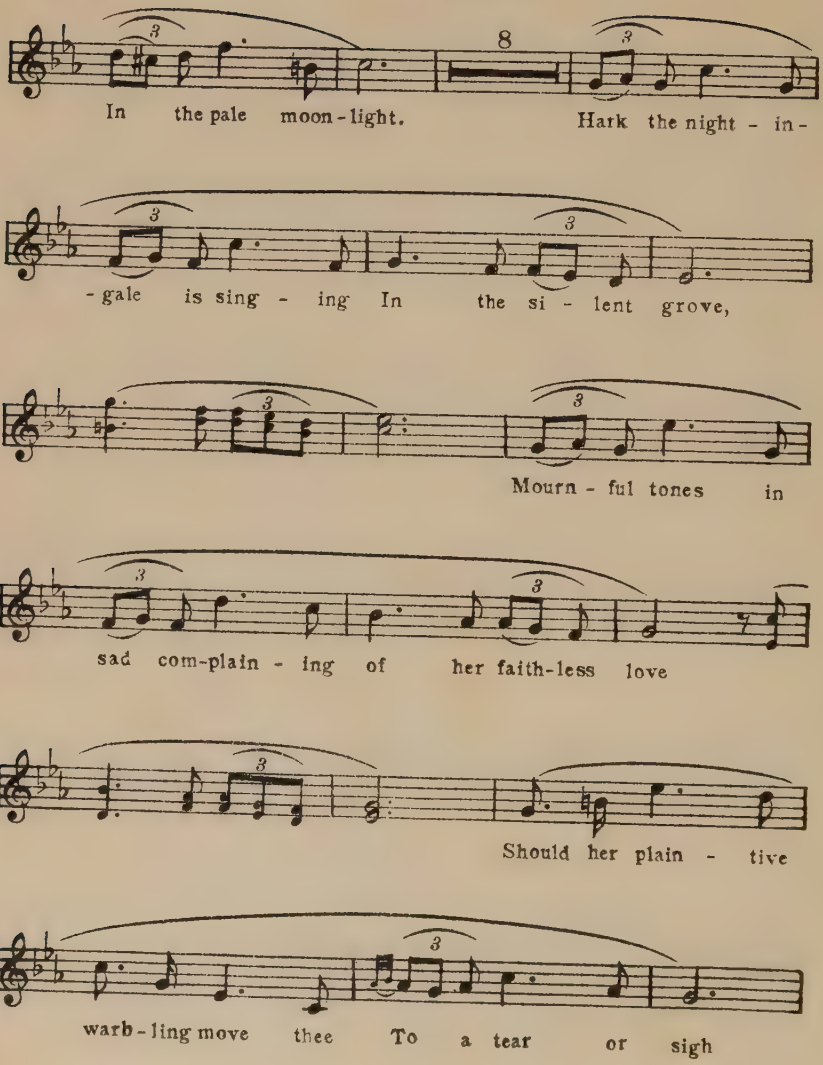
It is one thing to use that most delicate of all musical devices—*rubato*—for the admirable purpose of adding light, shade, and (what is more important still) *shadow*; it is quite another to destroy the rhythmic balance of a song.

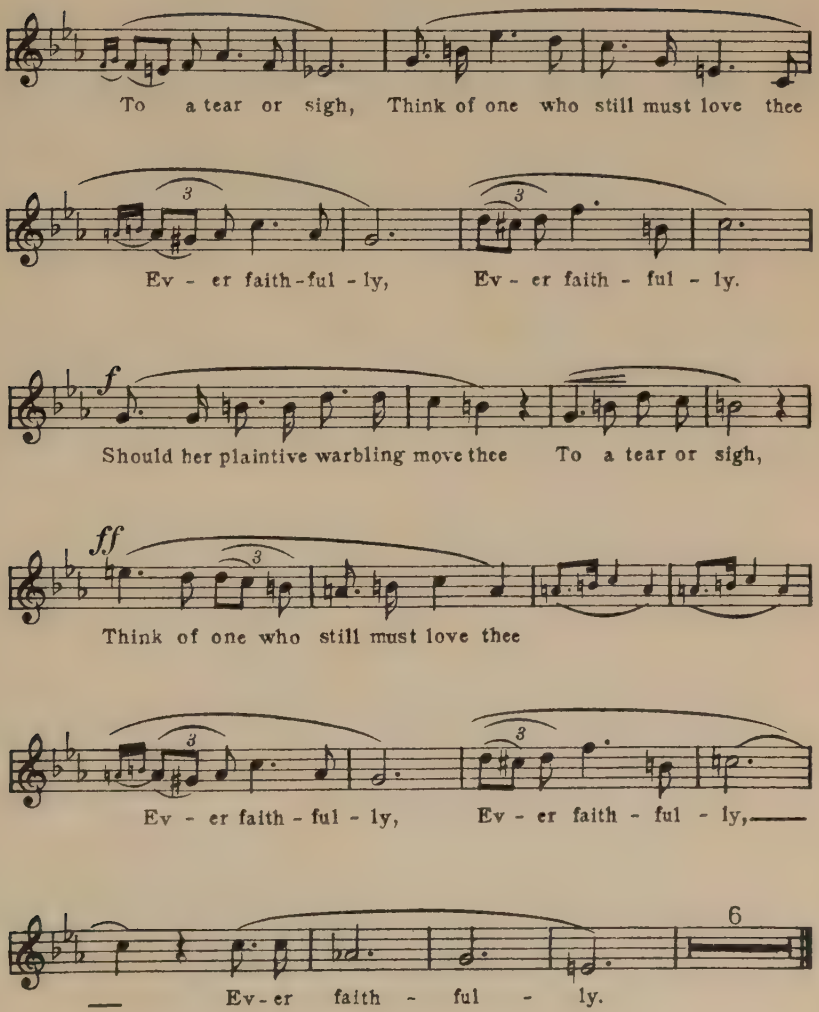
Rubato is a powerful vehicle for effect, but its power lies in its insinuation—not in its obtrusiveness.

Ständchen (Serenade)

Transposed from D minor.

4
p
As my song is soft - ly float - ing
Thro' the night so clear,
In the si - lent wood re-peat - ing "Come, O come to me
here!"
Gen - tle breez - es
sway the tree - tops In the pale moon - light


In the pale moon-light. Hark the night - in-
-gale is sing - ing In the si - lent grove,
Mourn - ful tones in
sad com-plain - ing of her faith-less love
Should her plain - tive
warb-ling move thee To a tear or sigh


To a tear or sigh, Think of one who still must love thee
Ev - er faith-ful - ly, Ev - er faith - ful - ly.
f
Should her plaintive warbling move thee To a tear or sigh,
ff
Think of one who still must love thee
Ev - er faith - ful - ly, Ev - er faith - ful - ly,
6
Ev-er faith - ful - ly.

"THE POST."

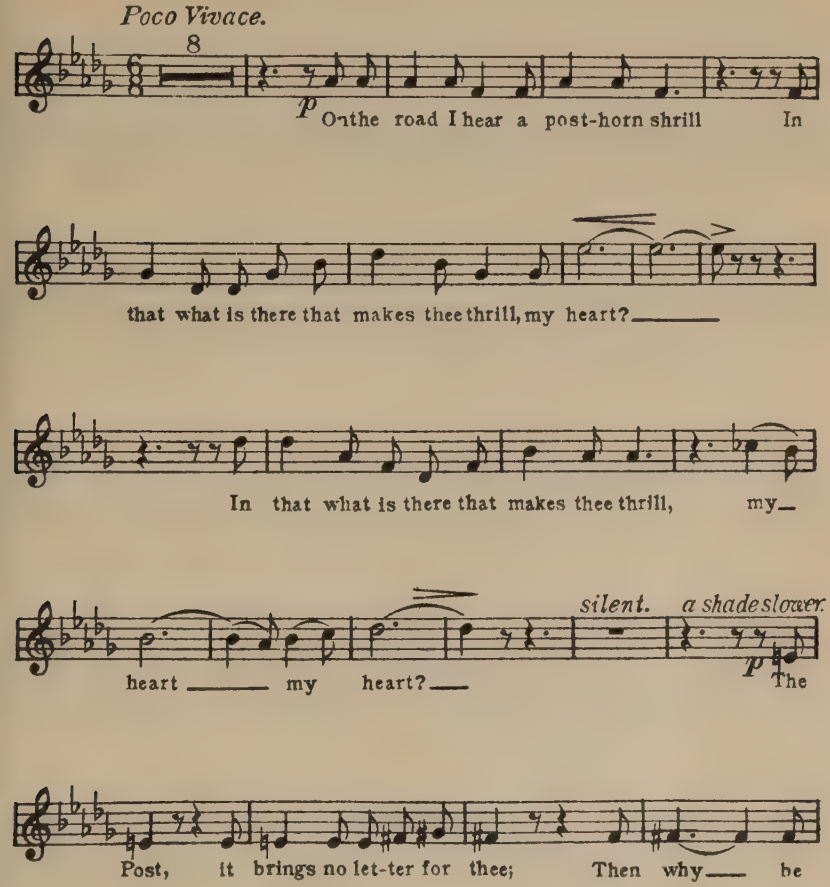
THIS is perhaps the most popular of all the "Winterreise" songs. The key is one tone lower than the original, and is that in which Gerhardt sang it at the concert already mentioned. It is pleasant to take the opening phrases at a fairly quick speed, to slow down after the silent bar, and to work up to the previous pace again towards the end of both verses. Such timing brings out the sentiment quite satisfactorily.

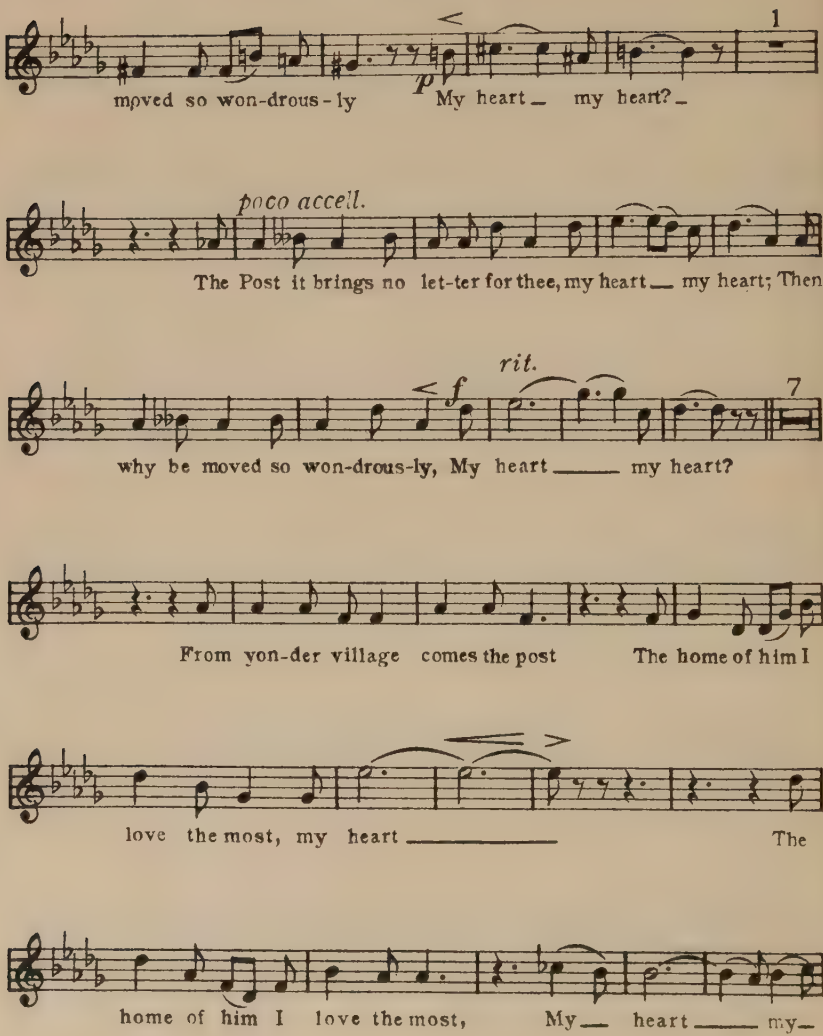
This song reveals Schubert in a charming imitative vein. The Prelude should be played with every attention to its rhythmic qualities, the left hand being a subdued accompaniment while the right hand, though clearly isolating the melody of the post-horn, should give the effect of the horn being in the distance. Otherwise the spirit of the opening lines of the words will be entirely lost.

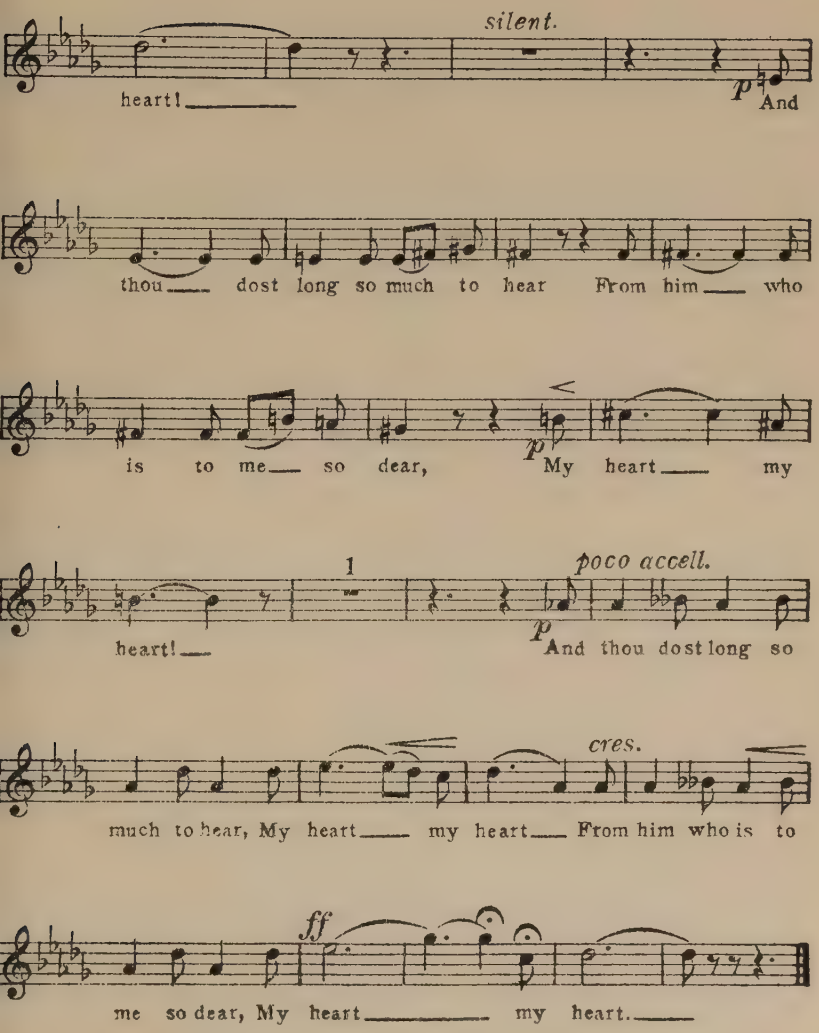
There is no change of *tempo* indicated after the silent bar—which, by the way, should be just the two beats only: it is in no sense a paused bar—but the slowing-down of the speed already referred to is an excellent device for an artistic rendition. As soon as the key of D flat (E flat in the original) is entered again a delightful sensation of the trotting of the horse can be produced by gradually accelerating the pace until the original *tempo* is reached. There is nothing to be gained by taking the song slowly, any more than there is in singing "Who is Sylvia?" at a speed indicated by *moderato*. In that instance, although Schubert actually directed it to be sung *moderato*, he omitted to mark it two in a bar, not four. Thus it has been sung far too ponderously by most singers.

The Post (from the Winterreise Cycle)

Transposed from E♭ major.


Poco Vivace.
8
p
On the road I hear a post-horn shrill In
that what is there that makes thee thrill, my heart?
In that what is there that makes thee thrill, my
heart my heart?
silent.
a shade slower.
p
The
Post, it brings no let-ter for thee; Then why be


moved so won-drous-ly
p
My heart my heart?
1
poco accell.
The Post it brings no let-ter for thee, my heart my heart; Then
rit.
f
7
why be moved so won-drous-ly, My heart my heart?
From yon-der village comes the post
The home of him I
love the most, my heart
The
home of him I love the most,
My heart my

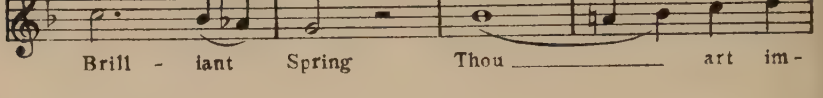

silent.
heart!
p
And
thou dost long so much to hear From him who
is to me so dear, My heart my
1
poco accell.
heart!
p
And thou dost long so
cres.
much to hear, My heart my heart From him who is to
ff
me so dear, My heart my heart.

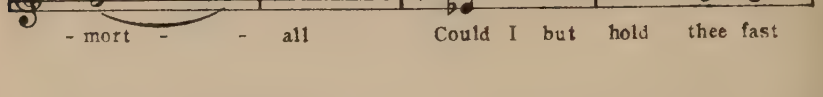
"GANYMED."

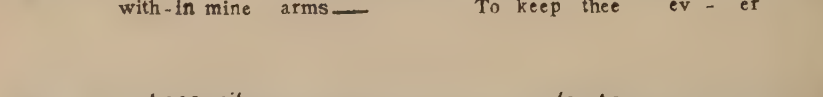
No recital of Schubert's songs is quite complete without "Ganymed." It is one of Goethe's really epic utterances, and it is certainly Schubert's greatest song. The key, in this case, is a minor third lower than the original, and is recommended for all but very high voices. The opening should be a real *Andante*, suave and sonorous. At the words "Could I but hold thee fast," it is not unwise to increase the speed very slightly: similarly to decrease it after "O fragrant morning breeze." The last part of the song—from "I come; I hear thee!"—can be taken in several ways, A gradual hastening of the speed from "Come, lend me your pinions" is quite effective when run into a *maestoso* at "Ever-loving Father," but it is not the only way of treating it. The last bars always present breathing difficulties for any but those whose control is exceptionally good. It is quite feasible—if carefully done—to breathe as directed in the last bar but two (even though it separate an adjective from its noun) so long as the pause (which we have suggested) be properly managed. It is much better to avoid all risk of bad tone which may easily occur if the phrase be attempted in one breath: also the effect of breath being taken is not in the least objectionable either on technical or artistic grounds. Taking breath in unusual places is only bad when it suggests that the singer is short-winded. Singers are inclined to overlook this fact when preparing their songs for public rendition. As for this song, too much trouble can never be taken to sing it as Schubert meant it to be sung.

Goethe's Ganymed (*Transposed from A♭ major*)

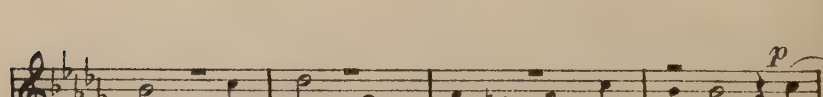
Andante.
7
p
Morn - ing dawns in
ra - diance, Ra - - diance of
Spring - time, O___ my be - lov - ed Spring.
The beau - teous light of___ morn - ing My
poco f
soul___ re - joic - es, O Spring e - ter - nal!


Brill - iant Spring Thou art im-

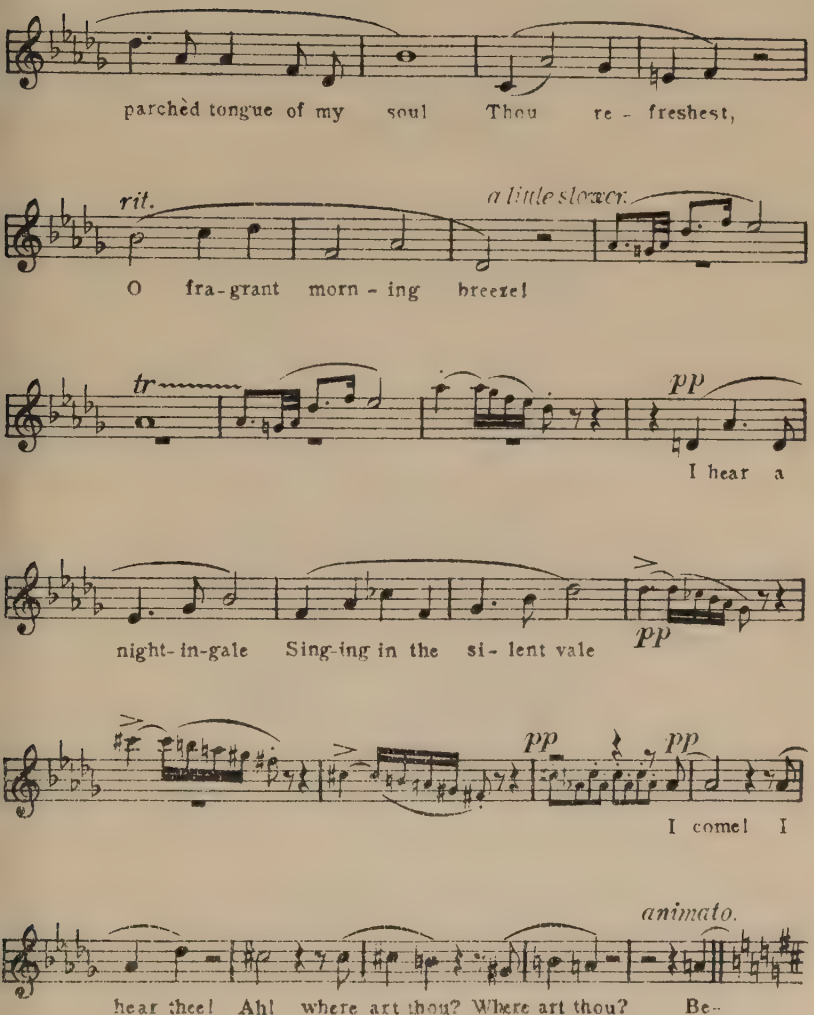

poco animato.
- mort - - all Could I but hold thee fast

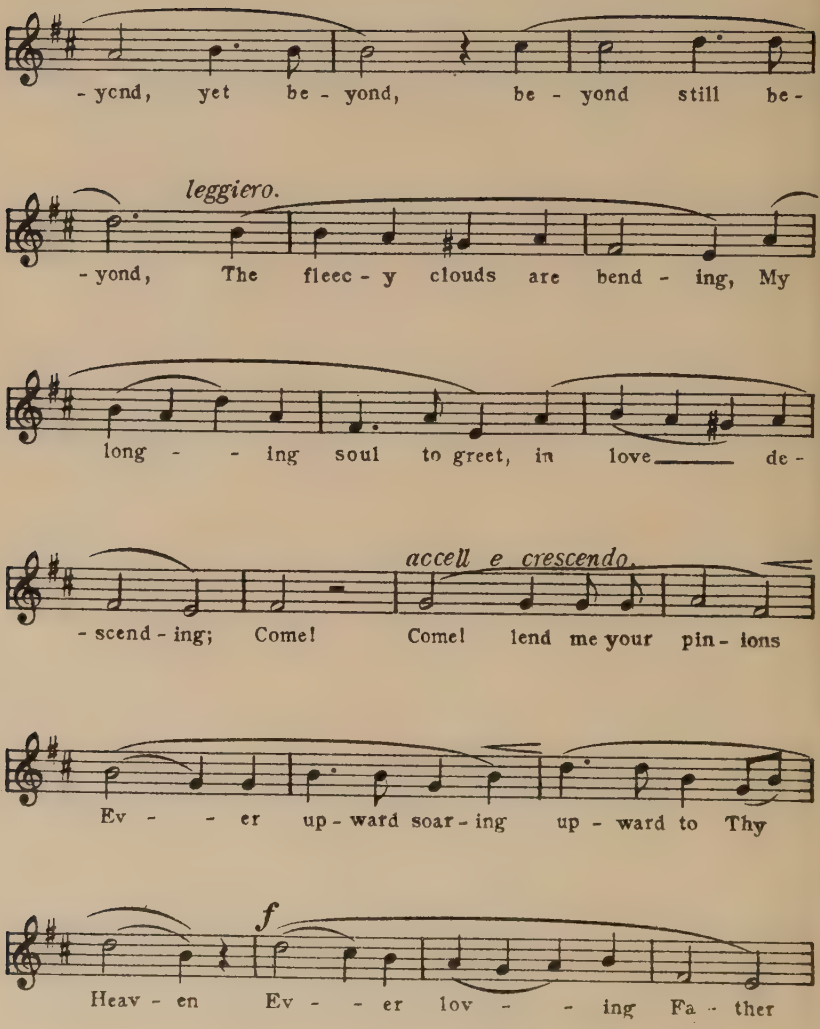

with-in mine arms To keep thee ev - er

poco rit.
a tempo.
I long and lan - guish. The flow'rs of

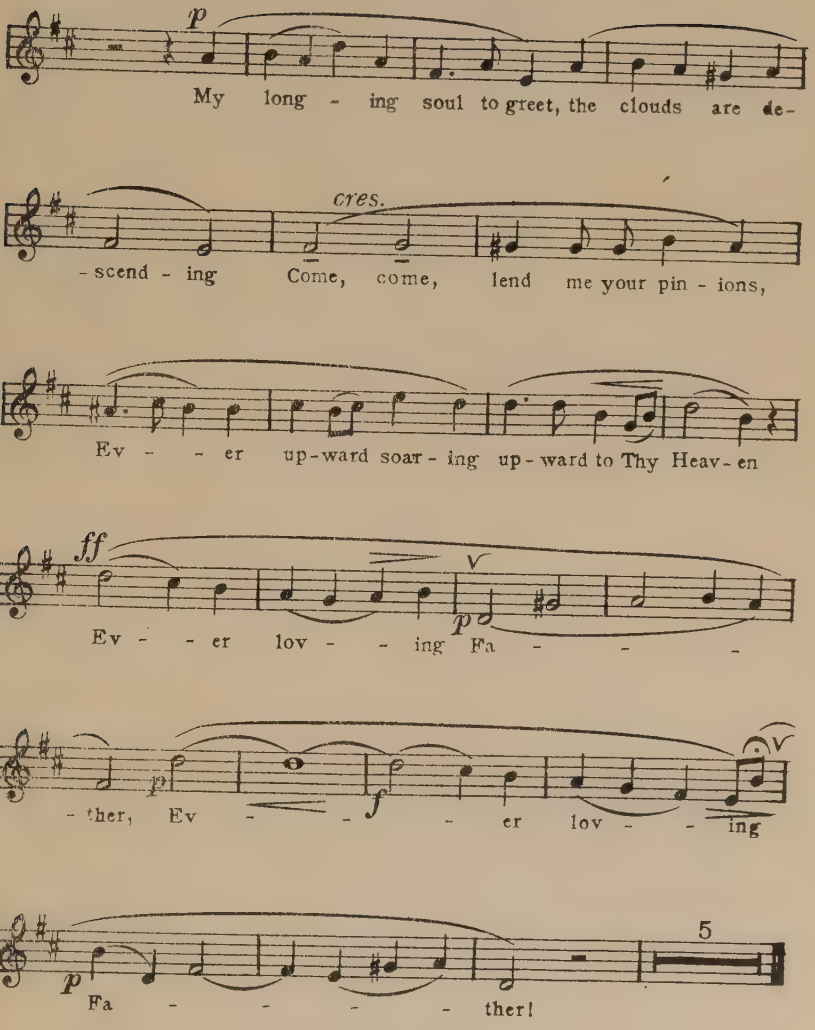

Spring-time What deepening joy they wake in me!

p
The


parched tongue of my soul Thou re - freshest,
rit.
a little slower.
O fra-grant morn - ing breeze!
tr
pp
I hear a
night-in-gale Sing-ing in the si - lent vale
pp
pp
pp
I come! I
animato.
hear thee! Ah! where art thou? Where art thou? Be-


- yond, yet be - yond, be - yond still be -
leggiero.
- yond, The fleec - y clouds are bend - ing, My
long - - ing soul to greet, in love de -
accell e crescendo.
- scend - ing; Come! Come! lend me your pin - ions
Ev - - er up - ward soar - ing up - ward to Thy
f
Heav - en Ev - - er lov - - ing Fa - ther

Schubert at Thirty-one.

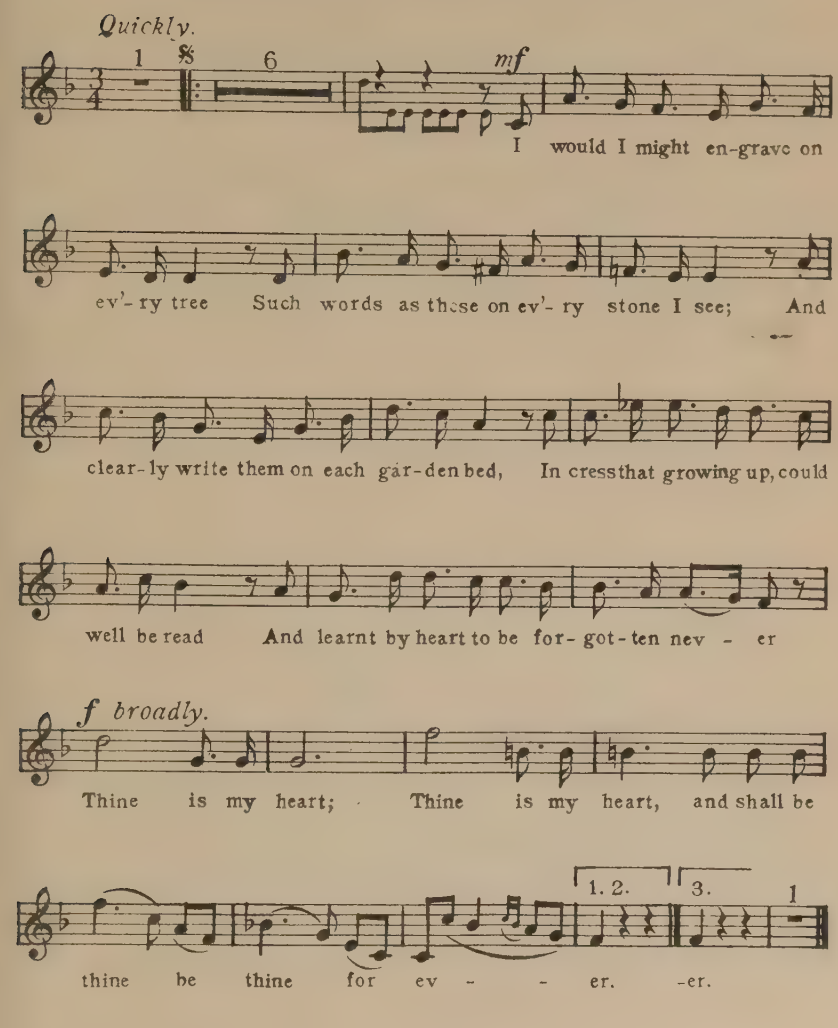

p
My long - ing soul to greet, the clouds are de-
cres.
- scend - ing Come, come, lend me your pin - ions,
Ev - - er up-ward soar - ing up - ward to Thy Heav - en
ff
p
Ev - - er lov - - ing Fa - - -
p
f
- ther, Ev - - - er lov - - ing
5
p
Fa - - - - - ther!

"UNGEDULD." (Impatience.)

THERE were originally four verses to this song. It is one too many, in our opinion, especially as one of those verses is decidedly weak in the German. Thus we have thought it reasonable to give only three. As each verse is identical so far as the treatment of the syllables is concerned, only the first is given under the music. The other two will be found to "fit" exactly. Speed is necessary in this song: it is well worth persuading a good pianist to rehearse it with the singer until both can perform it without the use of the score. That remark, of course, might apply to *any* songs whether by Schubert or not. There is nothing so "visually" effective as the sight of two good artists singing and playing together without their copies in front of them.

There is a convenient way of interpreting "Impatience" when this translation is used. As has been said, we have only given three verses out of the original four. Also, we had better confess, we have transposed the order of the second and third stanzas. Verse 2 (originally verse 3) is so delicate in sentiment that it makes an effective contrast with the other two if sung *pianissimo* and strictly in time. Then, if verse 3 be used as a climax it is quite reasonable to employ a marked *ritenuto* at "And stay beside thy window *singing ever*," which will be found to lead most impressively into the refrain. As it is for the last time, this should be sung with both weight of tone and emphasis of diction. Other variations of idea may be had with "*Thine* is my heart" and "Thine is my *heart*." There is no end to the possibilities of this song.

Impatience (Ungeduld) *Transposed from Ab major.*


Quickly.
1
6
mf
I would I might en-grave on
ev'-ry tree Such words as these on ev'-ry stone I see; And
clear-ly write them on each gar-den bed, In cress that growing up, could
well be read And learnt by heart to be for-got-ten nev - er
f broadly.
Thine is my heart; Thine is my heart, and shall be
1. 2.
3.
1
thine be thine for ev - - er. -er.

2. Such words should float upon the morning breeze,
   And whisper'd be amongst the cedar-trees,
   And scintillate and shine in ev'ry flower,
   Pervade the air in ev'ry scented bow'r,
   And murmur in the brooks and rivers ever
   " Thine is my heart," etc.

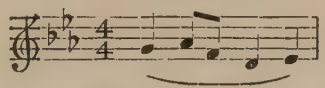
3. I would I might a starling tame and teach
   Until he could repeat in easy speech
   My words, and sing them all in perfect voice,
   In ringing tones to make thy heart rejoice,
   And stay beside thy window; singing ever
   " Thine is my heart," etc.

Above all, in singing a song of this description, its excellent title must always be kept in the singer's mind. The peculiar three-four rhythm, the dotted notes everywhere, the rattle of the accompaniment, with its triplets unevenly divided between the hands, all combine to bring out the sentiment of impatience which so thoroughly pervades the poem. In order to get the required effects words of importance will need some amount of rehearsal in order to give them their full value, especially as they occur upon such short notes. Very little headway with the interpretation of this song can be made before the singer has taken the trouble to commit the poem to memory. The words we have given above are singable at top speed, which is more than can be said for some translations which have come under our notice, but they need learning first.

THE LITANY FOR ALL SOULS' DAY.

THIS is the original key. The translation is wide of the German in places, in the last verse particularly; but the sentiment pervading the whole song is the same. The first verse is a general address to "All Souls," the second particularises, and the third more or less does both—an arrangement which carries out the intent of the original German poem. The song should be sung slowly, but with the rhythm on the crotchets and not upon quavers.

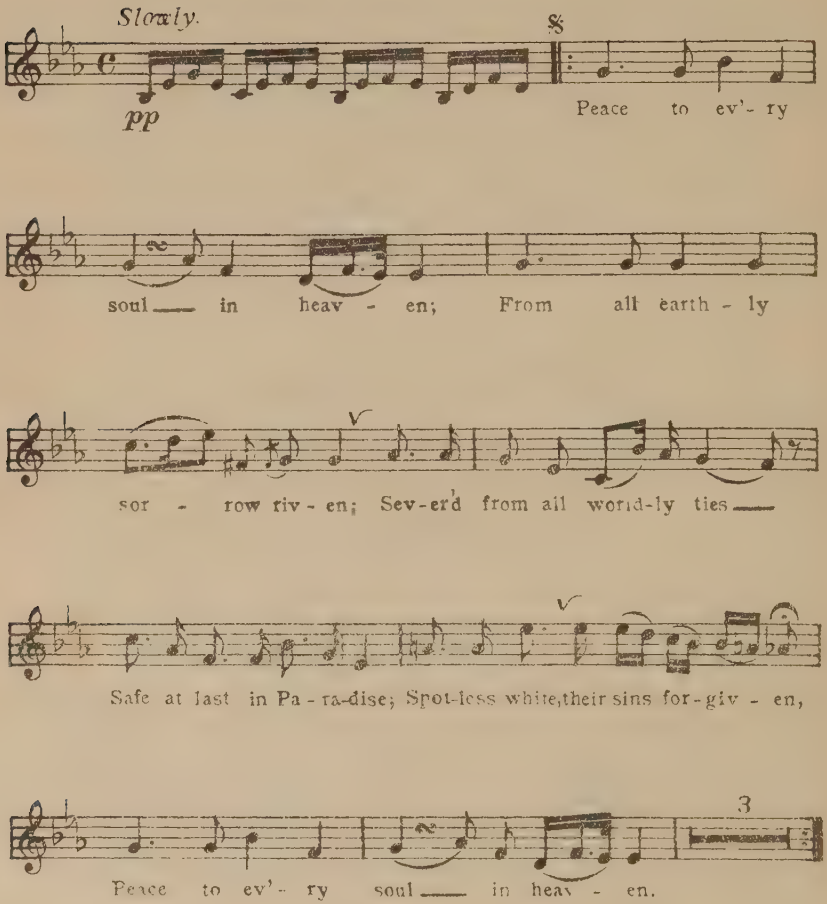
Each line of the Litany is a study in itself. In the second bar of each first and last line the turn is really quite rapid. The phrase without the ornaments is this:



which proves the rhythm to be on the crotchets. The ornament itself is

The next breath-phrase is line 2 in each case. The accompanist will serve the singer well if he give him time to take a deep breath by going slowly up the *arpeggio* of the third group. The next two lines are best rendered in very strict rhythm, following each other as a piling-up of vocal effect to line 5 which contains the only climax. Here it is permissible to slow down the *tempo* a little and to take breath after the first of the E flats, coming down the semiquavers with full tone and giving full weight to the pause. The final line should be exactly as the first.

Litany for All Souls' Day *(original key)*


Slowly.
pp
Peace to ev'- ry
soul in heav - en; From all earth - ly
sor - row riv - en; Sev-er'd from all world-ly ties
Safe at last in Pa - ra-dise; Spot-less white, their sins for-giv - en,
3
Peace to ev'- ry soul in heav - en.

2 Soul of ev'ry lovely maiden
Here with suff'ring deeply laden;
They than sorrow never reap
Whom a lover leaves to weep:
To despair on earth though driven,
Peace be to their souls in heaven.

3 Souls of all whose lives were lonely,
Fraught with pain and anguish only—
God shall wipe away all tears,
Perfect love shall cast out fears;
To the Saints their name is given,
Peace be to ALL SOULS in Heaven.

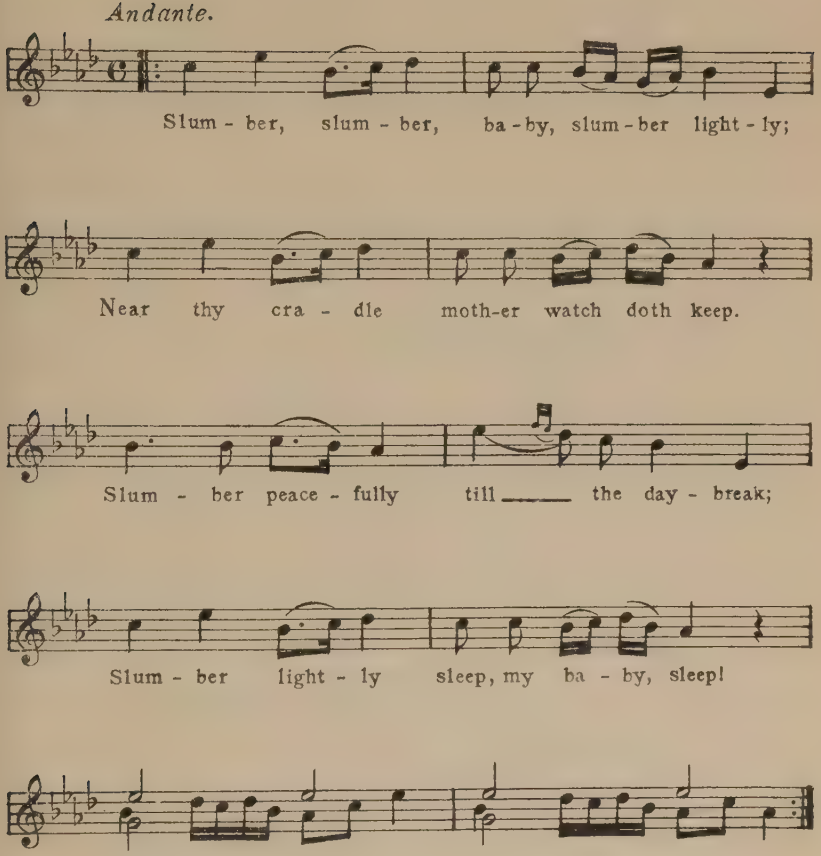
One of the commonest forms of rhythmical error into which amateur singers fall is to allow themselves to lose the grip of a slow *tempo*. It is so easy to make the mistake of counting six quavers instead of three crotchets to the bar where the speed is a slow one. In this particular instance the whole meaning of the musical phrases is destroyed by such a procedure. As a matter of fact, this song needs no bars at all: the phrases divide themselves up naturally. But Schubert has indicated what he wants quite unmistakably. He means the crotchets to be the units, and any ornamentation must be executed to fall within the limits which those crotchets prescribe. If a verse be sung to the beats of a metronome it is surprising how neatly they have to be rendered to get them in. We advise those who wish to study this song to use a metronome as soon as the notes are known.

"WIEGENLIED." (Cradle-Song.)

THE song is given here in the original key because it is one of those utterances of Schubert which can be effective at any pitch. It is delightful in G flat for mezzo-sopranos, and richness itself if lowered to C for deep contraltos, in which latter case the right hand of the accompaniment is effective if played an octave higher. In other words, anyone transposing the song into C major would do well to write the voice-part a minor sixth lower and the accompaniment a major third higher. There were three verses in the original German, but we consider that two are sufficient for a song of this type, whose place should be in the middle of a group of three or, at least, be one of two. Our second verse is founded upon the German verses 2 and 3. Schubert's method here is simplicity itself: he uses each of the four crotchets in his bars for his rhythmic purposes. In other words, he swings the cradle four times in each bar. Therefore too fast a speed is to be avoided. It should be the *Andante* of *andantes*. There should not be the very faintest suggestion of variation from the *tempo*, once it is set: even the semiquavers at the cadence should be taken up to time.

Of all rhythmic representations in music that of the swing of a cradle is assuredly the most elementary. If a baby is to be rocked to sleep, a slow, steady motion must be kept up: otherwise, one imagines, little success will attend the enterprise. Strictness in rhythmical phrasing never breeds monotony so long as vivid fantasies be built up round the words. *Seventy-five per cent of the success of a song depends upon the words.*

Cradle Song *(original key)*


Andante.
Slum - ber, slum - ber, ba - by, slum - ber light - ly;
Near thy cra - dle moth-er watch doth keep.
Slum - ber peace - fully till the day - break;
Slum - ber light - ly sleep, my ba - by, sleep!

2 Slumber, slumber, in thy snow-white cradle;
In the fire-light shadows round thee creep.
White as lilies, pink as roses,
Sleep, my darling; sleep my baby, sleep!

How different is the rhythm employed by Brahms in his cradle-song! He goes to work very differently. Instead of the steady swing on every crotchet in his bar he allows the cradle to be rocked a good deal slower—upon the first beats of a three-four bar and with a syncopated accompaniment.

There is something very soothing even in so complicated a rhythm, and one can imagine a fractious infant going off to sleep quite peacefully to Brahms.

If the child chanced to be of a nervous temperament, one feels very much inclined to recommend Chopin's "Berceuse" —*the* Rhythm of rhythms in music. Nothing in the whole range of musical literature can ever approach in artistry that perfect work. Nine times out of ten it is lacerated upon the concert-platforms of to-day by pianists who forget the duties of the left hand and who distort the lilt of the right; but those who have heard Pachmann play it will understand what rhythm means to music of this character—indeed, to music in general.

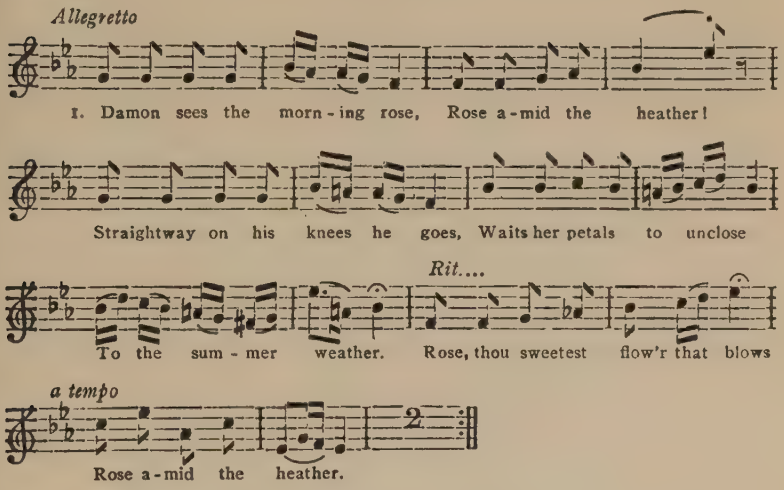
And yet there is one other cradle-song which might well lull the senses of both child and mother to sleep: it is Bach in the Christmas Oratorio:

"Slumber, Beloved, and take thy repose."

Anyone who has heard that aria sung perfectly—and it very rarely *is*—must have realised that there is an art in the writing of these things.

"ROSE AMID THE HEATHER."
(A TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE.)

THIS is given because of its popularity. The mythical shepherd Damon is an introduction of our own: his name does not appear in the original German. But he serves his purpose and makes it possible for the English translation to fit the music.


Allegretto
1. Damon sees the morn - ing rose, Rose a - mid the heather!
Straightway on his knees he goes, Waits her petals to unclose
Rit....
To the sum - mer weather. Rose, thou sweetest flow'r that blows
a tempo
2
Rose a - mid the heather.

2. Says the lad "For her I take
Rose amid the heather";
Says the Rose, "if thou me break,
Thorns shall wound thee for her sake;
Me thou shalt not gather."
Rose, thou sweetest flow'r that blows;
Rose amid the heather.

3. Damon plucked her for his love,
Rose amid the heather;
For her life she vainly strove—
In his hand her thorns she drove—
Wounded both together.
Rose, thou sweetest flow'r that blows;
Rose amid the heather.

These, then, are a few of the translations made by the Author for his pupils to sing. They are given here in the humble belief that they may be of some service to those who would like to sing Schubert in English, but who have been appalled at some of the "translations" given. There is a version of "Litaney," published (one imagines) in all seriousness by a very well-known London house: in places it is really quite funny—in fact, it might be described as funny without being actually vulgar. As for any attempt at a reasonable sense of fitness and dignity, there is none. Thus the song has been cast aside—or else sung in German—for the want of a dignified translation. We trust we have supplied it here.

Where so many translators have gone so wrong is in a slavish attempt to be literal: it is much better to render effectively a little wide of the original than to be trite and inartistic as a result of over-anxiety to render word for word what the original German poet has written. Often it is not worth the trouble: the original is bad verse.

There is much to be said for singing Schubert in English and, of course, nothing to be said against singing him in German so long as one is sure that one's audience is likely

to appreciate songs sung in a foreign language. Those who adhere to the principle that there must be no translations have a very weak case—at any rate, so far as England is concerned. There are few enough who will listen as attentively to a song sung in a foreign language as they will when it is sung in their own.

It has been said that music is the universal tongue. That is true, but it can only apply to instrumental music for the simple reason that no actual words are used. Pure music *is* the one and only international language. But *sung* music can never be either international or universal: its universality is attacked when words are sung. The condition is imposed at once that the words shall be "understanded of the people." It is not everyone who can appreciate German or French or Italian verse. Even Latin, which the Roman Church sought to make universal and catholic so far as the Mass is concerned, can never take the place of one's *own* language, although there is something acceptable about Latin which is hard to define. Thus we plead for Schubert in English.

The tower of his strength was the Tower of Song; but if that Tower is to reach to heaven, the speech of its builders must not be confused in the manner of that of the builders of the Tower of Babel, or else not even Schubert himself shall point the way to where the Song of Songs is sung, and language no longer forms a barrier between nation and nation.

XVI. WHO'S WHO IN THIS VOLUME.

Hardly judged by friends he makes no man
should ever be;
Such judgment is impossible—for opposites
agree.

XVI. WHO'S WHO IN THIS VOLUME.

As has already been pointed out, Schubert's life was almost entirely made up of works and friendships, the former scarcely more numerous than the latter. At the same time, to have given too much detail regarding those who found so much happiness in Schubert's friendship and affection would have been to depose Schubert from his rightful position as central figure in the story. We allowed Beethoven to stand out—simply, of course, because he *was* Beethoven: there is no reason why the reader should not come to know a little more about the others as well. They were Schubert's life-long companions: as such they are indispensable to the story of his life. We have therefore adopted the plan of a theatre programme in that we have given them "in order of appearance," compiling (at the same time) a kind of "Who's Who" in miniature.

Antonio Salieri.

Salieri was born at Legnago, a fortified town in Venetian territory, on August 19th, 1750. Thus he was forty-seven when Schubert was born. His father was a merchant in a big way of business. Antonio was well educated, especi-

ally in Latin and music. When he was sixteen he lost both his parents, but a friend of the family, named Mocenigo, took the lad to Venice, where he was allowed to proceed with his studies. He seems to have been a thoughtful lad and not without ability. One of the Court *Kapellmeisters*—a man named Florian Gassmann—happened to come to Venice at this time on a commission to write an opera. He took a violent fancy to Salieri, receiving him in his home where he treated him as though he were his own son.

In June, 1766, both Gassmann and Salieri came to Vienna. The fact that Gassmann made Salieri work exercises from Fux's " Gradus ad Parnassum " certainly befitted him to be the master of Beethoven, Schubert and Liszt in after years: Salieri knew the business of a composer. Also Gassmann saw to it that such subjects as French, German, Latin and Italian were not neglected. Later, Salieri was introduced to the Emperor Joseph who became very much attached to him.

Salieri began opera-composing almost at once. He turned several out in quick succession, producing five excellent ones for theatres in Rome, Milan and Venice. The Emperor commissioned him to write " Der Rauchfangkehrer " which had a huge success. Then he met Gluck who told him to go to Paris. This he did, writing several operas for the Paris stage which he conducted in person.

After the death of the Court *Kapellmeister* Bono, Salieri succeeded to the position which, of course, he was holding at the time Schubert met him at the Convict.

Then came the jubilee in 1816 for which, it will be

remembered, Schubert wrote a cantata. Salieri had been *Kapellmeister* to the Emperor for fifty years. The jubilee was celebrated with becoming dignity. Early on the morning of June 16th Salieri went to the Italian church in order to offer his prayers and thanksgivings. His four daughters went with him. Salieri was a little sad as he thought of his first walk through the Imperial city so long ago as 1766 with Gassmann, who had died long since as a result of a fall from his carriage.

Salieri lived in the heart of the city in a pleasant house of his own in the Spiegelgasse. At ten o'clock on the morning of the jubilee the Imperial carriage drew up outside. Salieri and his daughters were taken to the hotel of the Grand Steward, the Prince of Trauttmannsdorf-Weinsberg. The Prince welcomed him in person and invested him with the gold medal and chain of honour in the presence of the Court musicians. The old man thanked the Prince and was moved to tears at the ovation he received. He then went to the Chapel where he conducted his own Mass. The rest of the day was devoted to a family gathering. It was a proud day for the *Kapellmeister*: there was scarcely an absentee amongst his old pupils. Several special little works had been written by those able to compose sufficiently well, all of which were performed. Schubert's was received with great applause.

Salieri continued to work on until a few months before his death. His strength had failed him considerably after his seventieth year: at Christmas, 1824, he went to the

Emperor and told him that he could not go on much longer and asked for his pension. This was granted him. Even so, there was always a vague sort of idea that he would recover and return. But he died on May 7th, 1825.

Salieri was popular with the Court and Emperor alike. His well-known hatred of Mozart made enemies for him in certains quarters, of course; and it was some time before his name was cleared of all suspicion when Mozart died. Perhaps few men have taught so many pupils: it is quite certain that no other teacher could point to three such as Beethoven, Schubert and Liszt.

Josef Spaun.

Spaun, it will be recalled, was the first of Schubert's friends at the Convict: he was one of his greatest friends all his life. He was nine years Schubert's senior. Spaun kept a diary—and excellent material it furnished for the original biography. There is a note made in it which can be translated thus: "Schubert, at this time poor and neglected, was for weeks and months supported by a friend at a small tavern. This friend often shared his room and bed with him." In this diary Spaun has always taken the greatest care to mention names. Here, we are of opinion, the omission is because the friend was himself. Spaun rose to some dignity in Vienna: he was allowed to assume the title of Freiherr von Spaun.

Albert Stadler.

Stadler, another of Schubert's schoolfellows, was a native of Steyr. He was three years Schubert's senior. He kept the Convict in 1815 and, two years later, completed his course of studies in jurisprudence. He wrote poems, some of which Schubert set to music. One was "Fernando" (a dramatic interlude). The song "Lieb Minna" (1816) was a lyric of Stadler's. He was also the author of the cantata which Schubert wrote for Vogl's birthday. (See page 105.)

Stadler played the piano quite well and also tried his hand at musical composition occasionally. Of Schubert's songs he was a devoted admirer: if duplicate copies existed of any of them they were almost certain to be in Stadler's handwriting.

Stadler practised as a provincial barrister in Steyr for some years: in 1821 he was appointed legal adviser to the magistrates at Linz and became a member of the Steyr Town Council. The visits which Schubert and Vogl paid to Steyr in 1819 and 1825 were a great delight to Stadler. He was constantly with the two musicians at von Koller's house.

Anton Holzapfel.

Another of Schubert's schoolfellows. He joined the Chapel choir the term before Schubert arrived. He was, it will be remembered, one of the boys who bought the music-paper on which Schubert wrote his first compositions. His

voice, unlike Schubert's, developed after he left the Convict: he was an excellent tenor. His career was a successful one: He was an official in the Courts of Justice in Vienna for years. Ultimately he retired on a substantial pension and lived the remainder of his days in the castle of Aisterheim, near Wels.

Therese and Heinrich Grob.

Therese Grob was the daughter of Heinrich Grob, a wealthy silk-manufacturer in Vienna. They lived in Lichtenthal, and Schubert, attracted by Therese's lovely soprano voice, used frequently to go to her father's house of an evening. Therese could soar to the E flat *in alt*. That accounts for the fact that everything Schubert wrote for her to sing lies so high in the key. As has already been pointed out (page 47), she sang the solos at the parish Church of Lichtenthal on the occasion of the production of Schubert's first Mass in F. Schubert lost sight of her in 1820 when she married and left the district.

Heinrich Grob, her brother, directed the music at the Church in Lichtenthal. He always offered the conductorship of any of Schubert's Masses to the composer himself; but Franz always refused. He said he preferred to sit in the nave and hear the effect. Schubert wrote the "Adagio and Rondo Concertant" for piano with an accompaniment for violin, viola, and 'cello, for Heinrich Grob who played the 'cello part himself. It was said (at Schubert's death) that the Grob family possessed many manuscripts of his which

they guarded jealously from the public. Whether or not they are now included in the known works of Schubert is difficult to say.

Johann Mayrhofer.

Like Albert Stadler, Mayrhofer was a native of Steyr: he was born there on November 1st, 1787. He went through a course of studies at the Gymnasium and afterwards studied philosophy at the Lyceum in Linz. His father wanted him to become a priest and sent him to the College of S. Florian for that purpose: but instead of devoting himself to theology he took up the study of ancient languages, a knowledge which stood him in good stead in after years. After leaving the College he went to Vienna and began to study law. But he found it no medium for expression. He next turned to poetry.

Mayrhofer was a lonely, self-taught man with great ambitions. His meeting with Schubert was one of the most fortunate episodes of his existence. He said Schubert did not mind him being a bear. Mayrhofer reminds one of Ibsen in some respects: he used his poems as a means of violent expression of censure upon existing conditions. In 1817 Mayrhofer, Spaun, and one or two others joined forces in publishing a periodical, the object of which was to encourage a sense of patriotism in young men. The war was over now and Napoleon laid by the heel: the sentiments

expressed in the "Beiträge zur Bildung für Jünglinge" (Notes on training for young men) seemed to be popular at the time.

Meanwhile he worked hard at his classics and made a valiant attempt to translate Herodotus; but whether it was too much for him, or whether he tired of it we cannot say; fragments of the attempt were found in his desk after his death. He was also absorbed in history—particularly that of the Austrian nation.

He held a small Government post as officer to the Austrian censorship—a piece of work which occupied him about three mornings each week.

Mayrhofer and Schubert were an amusing pair. We have already described them at work (page 93). They used to indulge in all sorts of horse-play: they would move the table into a corner and bring out fencing-sticks with which they would bruise each other considerably. Schubert was rather at a disadvantage because of his sight; but Mayrhofer was punished occasionally, for all that.

After Schubert's death—Mayrhofer, by the way, was one of the few who attended the funeral—there was very little more poetry. He left his writing untouched until the death of Goethe. His mode of life was very simple: in fact, he was a Stoic. His dress was appalling; but then, so was Schubert's, so that it did not greatly signify. He walked with a swing: Schubert said he would know Mayrhofer's walk in heaven. He had sharp, piercing eyes and rather a cynical expression. According to Feuchtersleben,

As Schubert knew him: Franz von Schober in 1821.

one of his greatest friends, he was a sound, earnest, moral man, but disfigured by pedantry and a want of elasticity. His morose condition of mind became more and more accentuated as time went on: he often shut himself up for days together, working at philosophy or languages.

These fits of depression came upon him so regularly towards the end of his life that he was rarely seen to smile. One morning he went to the office as usual but found that he could not concentrate upon anything connected with his work. He rose from his desk and went up to the top of the building. Seeing an open window on the landing he jumped from it into the street below. He was picked up unconscious and died before assistance could be rendered.

Anselm and Josef Huttenbrenner.

Anselm Hüttenbrenner was born at Gratz in 1794. He studied in Vienna but returned to the Steirmark where he owned some property. He was one of the few professional friends of Schubert. He was a prolific writer: there was hardly a form of composition which is not represented in his works. Very few have become known; but there is a Requiem by him which has been performed periodically in Vienna since. It is, we imagine, practically forgotten now. In 1834 he was elected president of the Styrian Music Association and became editor of the "Heller-Magazin." He ultimately retired to his estate at Judenburg.

Josef acted as steward of the family estate in Styria and was an amateur musician. Schubert had already heard

of him through Anselm, and in the summer of 1817 sent him the manuscript of "Die Forelle," a reproduction of which appears facing page 96. A characteristic letter accompanied the manuscript:—

Dearest Friend,

I am overjoyed to find that my songs please you. As a proof of my sincere friendship I send you herewith "Die Forelle," which I wrote at midnight for Anselm.

He excuses the smudges on the manuscript (q.v.) thus:

What mischief! Instead of the box of blotting sand, I seize the ink-bottle! I hope, over a glass of punch at Vienna, to become better acquainted with you. Vale!

Schubert.

The utter devotion of the Hüttenbrenners was almost ridiculous: they fetched and carried for Schubert all the days of his life. They sang his praises day and night; they bullied his publishers (whenever Vogl gave them a chance: he was good at that!); they abused his creditors and made them feel that it was an honour to be owed money by a Schubert. If Franz was grumpy with them—he was at times—they knew that he felt he could be himself with them. Whenever he wanted anything—no matter what—he must have it: nothing was enough where Schubert was concerned. They preserved many of his manuscripts for posthumous publication and supplied valuable information to the original biographers.

Franz von Schober.

Von Schober was born at Torup (Sweden) in 1798: thus he was a year younger than Schubert. His father was a press agent in Torup who died in 1802. Von Schober then returned to Vienna of which his mother was a native. He plays quite a prominent part in Schubert's biography as will have been appreciated: there was always a room in Von Schober's home for Schubert. Of all his friends none exercised such a lasting influence over Schubert as did Von Schober. The young lawyer was surrounded by men of good standing and Franz enjoyed their friendship and confidence. Von Schober published a volume of his poems in 1840, many of which had been set to music by Schubert.

Johann Michael Vogl.

Vogl—another native of Steyr—was born in 1768. His father was a ship-owner, who died when he was a baby. His voice was so remarkable at the early age of five that he attracted the attention of the choirmaster of the parish church: at eight he was a member of that choir, and paid. His education was received in a monastery: all his life he was noted for his studious habits. He was frequently to be seen with a copy of Marcus Aurelius or Thomas à Kempis in his hand and, not infrequently, the New Testament. He was Schubert's senior by nearly thirty years. His was a powerfully-developed personality in every way. His

presence was commanding—he stood well over six feet; and his countenance interesting. His jaw protruded, as will be seen from the picture we give of him, but the face was kind in its expression.

At Vienna Vogl practised as a lawyer. Just then Süssmayer, the friend of Mozart, became *Kapellmeister* at the Chapel Royal: that ended Vogl's career as a lawyer. He joined the Opera and was connected with the company for twenty-eight years. He was an excellent actor: some of the critics were inclined to cavil at his stage-manner; but there was no denying his dramatic powers or, indeed, the qualities of his rich baritone voice.

He left the stage in 1821 and devoted himself to *lieder*-singing. His rendering of the "Erl-King" was the talk of Vienna in those days. When he went to Italy (see page 155) it was to get rid of gout. Schubert used to tell him he imagined his complaints. "I can't imagine that," said Vogl, displaying a toe for Schubert's examination. It was certainly very much swollen. So Vogl went to Italy. When he came back he told Schubert he had been a bachelor long enough—he was 58—and that he fully intended to marry. He was as good as his word and married one of his pupils who was many years his junior. But the marriage was a happy one: there was one child—a girl.

Vogl used to declare that Schubert wrote his songs in a state of *clairvoyance*. The incident of his having forgotten a song after a fortnight (recorded on page 30)

occurred at Vogl's house. Vogl was of opinion that Schubert had only to take a pen, glance at a lyric, and he was scarcely responsible for what happened after that. All the same, Vogl used to make some very clumsy alterations in Schubert's songs, one or two of which found their way into print. He may have been responsible for the marking of the *tempo* in "Who is Sylvia?" The copies which we see to-day of it are all marked *moderato*, which, if adhered to, make nonsense of the song. It should be much quicker.

Vogl was Schubert's champion all his life: after his death he sang his songs everywhere even though he was getting on for seventy. Then he completely broke up: he was confined to his room for his last three years, nursed most faithfully by his young wife. By a strange coincidence Vogl died exactly twelve years—to the very day—after Schubert; that is, on November the 19th, 1840.

Such is our list of Schubert's greatest friends. There were others, of course: Franz Lachner, the organist of the Evangelical Church in Vienna, who was with Schubert at Beethoven's funeral and who afterwards became *Hofkapellmeister* at the Court Theatre; Eduard Baurnfeld, a member of the Diplomatic Service; Doctor Sonnleither, an advocate in Vienna; such families as those of Dr. Schellmann, the Paumgartners, the von Kollers, and the Dornfelds of Steyr; the Pachlers of Gratz; August von Gymnich, Baron von Schönstein (the friend of the Esterházys); Mueller the poet; Anton Schindler, the biographer of Beethoven.

All these—and hosts more—were counted by Schubert as his friends. He went to their houses whenever he wanted to; he could take any of them with him to others' houses; he upset their private arrangements at any time without causing the least offence. Surely no man could have been loved by more people, or could have crowded more intimacies into a short life.

XVII. LIST OF SCHUBERT'S WORKS.

A man's output of work is his contribution to the age in which he lives; it can never be faithfully reviewed unless by someone who realises what it would have meant to have lived in that age himself.

XVII. LIST OF SCHUBERT'S WORKS.

OPERAS.

THERE were at least eighteen, several incomplete. Six of them obtained a hearing but none of them a success.

(1) "Der Teufels Lustschloss" was finished in 1814 when Schubert was seventeen. It is in three acts, of which only the first and last remain: the second has been lost. The overture was played in public for the first time on March 1, 1861, thirty-three years after Schubert's death. This was because it was used as an introduction to the operetta, "Der haüsliche Krieg." Nothing else of the opera has been performed.

(2) "Der vierjährige Posten." This is the first of the operas of the year 1815. *The libretto*, which is partly in verse, contains nine scenes. The overture numbers fifty-six manuscript pages. There is a capital "Soldiers' Chorus," which was performed by the Vienna Singverein in 1860. Otherwise nothing of it has ever been accorded production.

(3) "Fernando." A vaudeville in one act. Begun July 3, and finished July 9, 1815. The scene seems to have been rather attractive—a rough part of the Pyrenees during the night-time. But the plot is not arresting and the work has not been given

on the stage. Ferdinand Schubert produced the Finale of it at a concert a few years after his brother's death.

(4) "Claudine von Villabella" (Goethe). An opera in three acts. Only the first act is in existence. Josef Hüttenbrenner had the original score of it at Schubert's death. He said that a servant used Acts II and III for the purposes of lighting the fires when he was away from Vienna in 1848.

(5) "Die beiden Freunde von Salamanka." The *libretto* is by Mayrhofer. It was written between November 18 and December 31, 1815. The first act alone comprises three hundred and twenty pages, which gives an idea of the speed at which Schubert wrote. The *libretto* has been lost.

(6) "Die Burgschaft"—a three-act opera—was begun in 1816. Schneider possessed the score after Schubert's death. The *libretto* was the work of a law-student and is of poor quality.

(7) "Die Zwillingsbrüder," a musical drama, was produced at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre on June 14, 1820. Its humour was of a very ordinary character, turning upon continual misunderstandings which resulted from mistaken identity. As a result of the performance of it, it will be remembered that the management commissioned Schubert to write another work.

(8) "Die Zauberharfe." A "magic operetta" in three acts, commissioned as a result of the performance of No. 7. Neefe and Denner, the controllers of the theatre, had been shown a libretto by Hofmann, the secretary of the same theatre. That is how it came about. But objections were made at the performance to "Herr Schubert's harsh harmonic progressions,

constant modulations, and overladen instrumentation." The work was withdrawn.

(9) "Sakontala." This could never have succeeded. The *libretto* is a version of the Indian drama, "Ring-Cacuntala," by the poet Kalidasa. Fortunately, Schubert was persuaded to abandon it.

(10) "Alfonso und Estrella." *Libretto* by Von Schober. This opera has no spoken dialogue; instead much use is made of recitative. The circumstances of its origin have already been described on page 129. It was performed in 1854, but the defects of the *libretto* were so obvious that it was withdrawn. Also it was not suitable to the tastes of the period though it might, from that point of view, have been acceptable in Schubert's lifetime.

(11) "Rosamunde," a drama. This ought to have succeeded, one would think, if only upon account of the beauty of its music. It was thought at the time that the friends of Weber, who were furious with Schubert for his outspoken criticism of "Euryanthe," had kept away from the performance and had spread the report that it was not worth seeing. It was certainly very poorly put on, which may have been another reason for its failure. But the *libretto* (by Wilhelmine von Chezy) was a factor in the situation. If someone would write a new *libretto* and fit Schubert's music with really good lyrics, there might yet be another "Lilac-Time" success.

(12) "Fierrabras." The manager of the Imperial opera had commissioned the *libretto* in 1822. It was, as has been said, on a large scale. Schubert wrote the first three hundred

pages of Act I in less than a week, and the entire opera was finished between May 23 and September 26, in addition to some songs and piano pieces; also an operetta. It has not been publicly performed.

(13) "Die Verschworennen." The *libretto*, again was the cause of its failure. The censor refused it.

THE SYMPHONIES.

No. 1. In D major. This has already been described and is the one which Schubert wrote when at the Convict. It is reviewed on page 32.

No. 2. In B flat. This was begun on December 10, 1814, and finished on March 24, 1815. It has four movements and is scored for full orchestra without trombones. A slow opening ends with rushing passages in the strings, leading to a jolly *Allegro* which is full of humour and spirit. The *Andante* has an air with five variations rather after the style of Mozart. The *Minuet* and *Trio*, which show the influence of Beethoven, are followed by a *Presto* which is, again, after Mozart's idiom.

No. 3. In D major. The score is dated May 24, 1815. The rhythmic effects are strong almost everywhere, but there is a tendency to have too much noise. This is not the most attractive of Schubert's orchestral works, by any means.

No. 4. In C minor (the "Tragic"). Finished on April 27, 1816. Personally speaking, we are inclined to think the title a misnomer. Perhaps it is because of such a work as Tchaïkovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony (which carries out the title with such utter pathos) that we can only see gaiety thinly

veiled by a minor key. Strangely enough, the *Andante* is in A flat and has something of the same atmosphere pervading the Andante in Beethoven's so-called "Pathetic" Sonata in C minor. If Schubert wished to be "pathetic" he needed words to make him so. The second movement of this symphony was, by the way, performed as a *fragment* (in Vienna) on December 2, 1860.

No. 5. In B flat. This is for small orchestra. The *Minuet* has a quaint rhythm about it: one would be sorry to dance to it!

No. 6. In C major. A greater development shows itself in this work; but still we have not come to the real Schubert. All these six symphonies would be counted as mere beginnings —some of them of course actually were—in a life of average length. The only way we can judge them as incidents in a short life like Schubert's is to regard them as a means to an end. Schubert was unconsciously finding his own idiom. The other two symphonies are No. 7 (the "Unfinished,"), and No. 8 —the great C major. We reject the so-called "Gastein" for the reasons given on page 155. We have already devoted a whole chapter to the study of the B minor, and the C major is so well-known that it is not necessary for us to go further into it here. It was, of course, the crowning work of his whole life.

THE OVERTURES AND OTHER ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

There are, in all, eight of these, of which four are in the key of D. The "Rosamunde" overture is, of course, far and away the most popular of all: but the two written in the Italian

style—the writing of the first of which was described on page 85—are well worth hearing. Besides the overtures there are about twenty-five miscellaneous and smaller works; also an attractive "Konzertstück" for solo violin and orchestra.

CHORAL WORKS. THE MASSES.

There are six Masses by Schubert, all of which are readily obtainable. They are, severally, in F, G, A flat, B flat, C and E flat, and are scored for organ and orchestra. They have been reviewed on page 48.

ORATORIO ("Lazarus"). This was intended by Schubert for an Easter Song. It was begun in February, 1820, which must have been while he was living with Mayrhofer. This fact may account for no one knowing of its existence until after his death. The first two parts—all he finished of it—are a little sombre; he most probably intended to make a brilliant conclusion. But he cast it aside for something else.

"The Song of Miriam." This is the best-known of all Schubert's choral works. It is for solo, chorus and pianoforte. It was written early in 1828 and performed at Schubert's concert (see page 180) in that year. Lachner subsequently scored it for orchestra.

In addition to these works there is the charming "Song of the Spirits on the Waters" ("Gesang der Geister über den Wässern"), written for four tenors, four basses, two violas, two 'cellos and a bass. It is closely-woven, in some parts, especially; but that is to be expected in a work whose pitch is naturally rather low. Schubert was often at his best when writing

for male voices; there are many small works of this class which are extremely beautiful.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

The Octet. This work might almost be included with the symphonies, not alone upon account of its great length, but that of its conception. It is for the five string instruments, clarinet, horn and bassoon.

The Quartets. Of these there are fourteen in all. They are amongst Schubert's best creations, and have attained a wide popularity in England.

Perhaps the Trio in B flat (for piano, violin and 'cello) is the most popular of all Schubert's chamber music. Said Schumann of it: "One glance at this Trio, and all the pitiful clouds of life disperse, and the world shines again . . . . it will be long ere it produces another Schubert."

THE SONGS.

As there are over six hundred of them, it is manifestly impossible to catalogue them here. After the review of the songs on page 160 it will suffice if a short list is given here of the most attractive of them and as being the titles which everyone interested in singing Schubert should know:

"Ganymed."
"Who is Sylvia?"
"Hark, Hark, the Lark."
"Ave Maria."
"The Post."
"Ständchen" ("Serenade").
"Der Wanderer."
"Das Wandern" ("Wandering").
"Der Wanderers Nachtlied."
"Wiegenlied" ("Cradle-song").

"Litaney."
"The Erl-king."
"Am Meer."
"Auf dem Wässer zu singen."
"Das Fischermädchen."
"Die Forelle."
"Die junge Nonne."
"Gretchen am Spinnrade."
"Rose amid the Heather."
"Ungeduld" ("Impatience").
"Haidenröslein."
"Wohin" ("Whither").
"Morgengrüss."
"Der Leiermann" ("The Organman").
"Muth" ("Courage").
"Leichenphantasie."
"De Vatermörder."
"Der jüngling am Bache."
"Das Rosenband."
"Die Vögel."
"Der Knabe."

The "Fair Maid of the Mill" and the "Winter's Journey" cycles are sincerely to be recommended in their entirety.

THE PIANO WORKS.

Besides the Piano Quintet, an excellent work which was written in 1819 at Stadler's suggestion, there are works for piano and various stringed instruments. Also there are piano sonatas, some of which are still occasionally played in public. There are, in addition, the Fantasy—a work which suffers from being orchestrally rather than pianistically conceived—two sets of Impromptus, and a host of smaller works too numerous to mention.

POSTSCRIPT.

Madame Caroline Geisler-Schubert.

Just as we are going to press, when it is too late to re-write Chapter XIV, we hear that Madame Geisler-Schubert, grand-child of Ferdinand Schubert, is, happily, very much alive and resident in London.

It is pleasing knowledge: as time goes on we may be fortunate enough to hear that the Schubert family is not so near extinction as our earlier information seemed to point out.

As we have said, nothing can be done now regarding Chapter XIV: but should the work call for a further edition, we trust we shall be in the position to re-write that chapter with the latest information.

Madame Schubert has been good enough to give her grand-uncle's writing bureau as a present to the Schubert Museum in Vienna: it seems that she has several personal relics in her possession.

C. Whitaker-Wilson.

August, 1928.

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N.B.—Such names as Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Debussy, Handel, Haydn, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, etc., are omitted from this Index (except for important references) on account of their being mentioned so frequently.

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